CHIRON RISING

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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EL CID....photo by P.H. COLLEY

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LETTERS

Dear Pat and Bruce: Let me add my huzzahs for the great articles by BILL HARRIS and XYLOPHANG. It was only about a year and a half ago when I read a similar article in CR (then SWAN) promoting the concept of PRIME TIMERS and telling of Woody Baldwin's success with the Boston group. I decided to take the plunge and wrote to Woody, who then sent me copies of the forms he had been using. We adapted the forms and dove in. Since our first announcement in SWAN just over a year ago, we have grown to a chapter with 211 members at the end of our first year, including, to our astonishment, members in 15 states, thanks to CHIRON RISING. We are networking with our brother group in Boston for weekend trips to Provincetown and Newport, and host each others members, as well as our own out-of-town members whenever in each other's home town. The demand has been so great that we currently have over 12 events a month, about half in members' homes, where it's easiest to make new friends. The variety of socials is so great that we've been forced to alternate months. Among the socials we found were needed, are bridge night, opera video, museum trips, rap groups, massage workshops, nude events, fresh start socials (for survivors of long-term relationships), May-September socials (for our numerous younger members who prefer older men), chubby admirer socials, dining out, pot luck house parties, open house nights, plus being guests of other clubs, including the New York Bondage Club and the Bisexual Forum. These are in addition to our regular meeting socials twice a month, where we usually have a speaker or entertainment with 60 to 80 members meeting each other. Finally, to cover all bases, we have two members' rosters, listing (with permission of course) names, phone numbers, addresses and interests. The second roster lists sexual interests and is sent only to members electing to be included. Just look what you guys and Woody started! Hey, all you lonely gays, bisexuals or SEVOs, drop Woody or me a line to start your own group and then stand back and watch things happen! Ken Gould, President, NEW YORK PRIME TIMERS.

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: I have just read IN CLOSING in the October-November 89 issue and I am glad that you aren't in danger of folding. This is my favorite magazine and I would hate to see it go down the drain. Enclosed you will find my renewal and an order for the special issue. I enjoy them very much and they can't get too raunchy for me. The news that everything is fine makes me feel so good, the only way you could improve my good feelings is to tell me that you are going to make another video. Until then, keep up the good work. Sincerely, A California Reader.

[Editor's note: Videos featuring seniors (erotic and otherwise) are in the planning stages by others on several fronts and soon you should see exclusive advertisement in CHIRON RISING. Bear in mind that our Supreme Court can't seem to define "obscene," making the production of a action-packed video a potentially risky venture at best. To our knowledge, no gay video producer has been hit as yet, but the spears are rattling. The demand for senior videos is awesome and there is a fortune waiting to be made. Had we had more help, we never would have gotten out of the business.]

***

Gentlemen: I have just discovered your magazine. I've never understood why, in the rather rigid and provincial milieu of Gay World, it's acceptable to be attracted to a "Daddy," but considered weird to be attracted to a "Granddaddy." My thanks go to you for providing a fine venue for me to explore this aspect of my desires. I guess you can count me as another subscriber garnered by THE COLONEL (and KENT JUSTICE's photography). The picture of C.J. and THE COLONEL just does it for me, and has fueled some fantasies. Those men are HOT! I look forward to (at least) a year's worth of pleasure and entertainment--and perhaps new friends--with CHIRON RISING. Sincerely, J.H./San Francisco.

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: I read the article in the June-July 89 issue by the individual who had a scam run on him, and the WARNING printed in the August-September 89 issue. Thought I would share my experiences. I was also milked by a man out of Portsmouth, Ohio. His story was that he lived with his grandmother and she hated gays. He responded to my ad in C-R and sent me a picture of a very nice looking young man. After a month or so of talking on the telephone (he always called collect--didn't have any money), I should have picked up on the warning signals but didn't. Unfortunately, I sent him $200 before I read the "How To Find The Love Of Your Life" by XYLOPHANG. Thank God I read the article before Ray called again! My stomach was in knots when he finished. His car was wrecked coming back from church (natch, where else?) and it would take $500 to repair it. "I was planning to leave tomorrow morning to see you and this happened," he said. I listened to my gut and hung up. I hope that may help others who have been bilked by this person. (Initials and location withheld)

[Editor's Note: The notorious Ray of Portsmouth, Ohio has bilked so many gay men that even The ADVOCATE printed a letter to the editor about him. We know of at least 4 C-R subscribers who were taken in. Unfortunately, no one has filed a mail fraud complaint against this piece of shit, so he continues with his scams.]

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: I wish to express my sadness over SKUA's death. I can honestly say that he was my favorite contributor to C-R. I felt he was not only a good technical artist, but had the ability to portray men realistically. He showed "warts and all," yet still portrayed his subjects as attractive, which indeed they were. Quite often I found his drawings the most erotic part of your magazine. I shall miss not seeing his work.
Yours truly, S.J.A., New Jersey.

***

[Editor's Note: The following is one of several letters typed on the same faulty typewriter and mailed anonymously from Van Nuys, California.]

Chiron Rising: So now you are pocketing the dollars and not bothering to mail the letters sent you. We have made a test and proved to ourselves that you are thieves. We are spreading the word.

Dear Van Nuys: We'll spread the word for you, but you're too late. Soon, we'll have pocketed enough money to buy a BMW.

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: I have an answer to the yoyos who have cancelled their subscriptions under the guise of being offended by the "fat" folks featured in your wonderful publication: FUCK YOU! I know that isn't a very articulate or gentlemanly response, but bigots in any form don't deserve one. Not all the

models featured in C-R's pages appeal to me either, but I am rarely so repulsed by the sight of a skinny body that I see nothing else in the content of the entire publication. Those whose likes are so narrowly centered around what they consider fit for viewing should stick to the rip-off body beautiful "nekkid pitcher" J/O rags that offer no content whatsoever (at $12 a copy), and simply stay away from C-R. The models in C-R are real men, with real lives and real personalities. Try getting a letter through to one of the fabulous body beautiful models in those glossy, full-color, 12" cocks *only* stud rags. Those of us fortunate enough to have been subscribers long enough to remember the very handsome ROB DADEO should know that when I expressed an interest in him and wrote to him via C-R, that I found him to be very charming, articulate, friendly, and an all-around wonderful guy. I wonder. . . if you bigoted S.O.B.s are, by some stroke of astounding luck, able to contact even one of your dreamboats in the J/O rag of your choice, will you be met with the same gracious and friendly attitude? By the way, ROB DADEO, I hope that you are deliriously happy and doing well. I wish we hadn't both been looking for our "top." That loud thud and accompanying huge cloud of dust was me hitting the ground from high on my soap box. Thanks for listening. Love, D.R./Oklahoma

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: A note of thanks for another great issue. Keep up the good work! With each issue you bring to a bunch of us, happiness, hope and laughs. The articles are excellent. RAM's drawings and QUETZAL's "Golden Goodies" are first class. And the models? Well, I'm taking the first flight on the Concorde to visit KONDOH and also made reservations for Philadelphia to meet BUFORD. From the City of Brotherly Love to the Great Northwest to be with the EX-LOGGER, and last but not least to California to visit both of you (I hope never to wake up!). Sorry for all the nonsense you receive in your daily mail. I do not go for moustaches, thin people, long hair or a few other things. But other people do, and you provide a variety for all of us. Some like chocolate, others like vanilla and Baskin-Robins has 31 other flavors because not everybody likes chocolate or vanilla. I read the complaints of R.J.R./Bryn Mawr and A.M.S./Solana Beach. They should ask for "Night 'n Day Intimates" or "International Male" catalogs. Their XL sport shorts are 37-39 in one and 36-38 in the other. There is no reason for insulting or treating others the way these two individuals did it. There are a lot of criticism and hatred because we are gays. We do not need insults from our brothers, but kindness, love and understanding. Why not simply reply with, "Sorry, but I will not renew my subscription at this time. Thank you for asking." I hope that someday I may find Mr. Wright again and be able to tell him, "I love you because you are kind and thoughtful and understanding. . . " The other things are accidentals. You bring a good mix and I enjoy it! Looking forward to the next issue and THE ENCORE COLLECTION. Love, Pere E/Texas.

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: I get the impression from the LETTERS column that you're getting more than the usual amount of flak for running pictures of chubby guys. Some people's cretinous intolerance never ceases to amaze me. Have these letter writers ever really considered that the main reason why they think fat is ugly is because society--and especially the media--told them so? I doubt it. Recently, one French TV channel started running "Roseanne." The comment from the TV guide stated that the heroine was "neither young, beautiful nor rich." While it is true that Roseanne is not rich, she is in fact neither old nor ugly. She looks thirtyish: since when did youth end at 25? And what more, she's an extremely good looking brunette. Ah, but she's OVERWEIGHT. So what? She's pretty and overweight while other women are pretty and thin. The same goes for men. Roseanne's husband in the series, Dan, is ever bigger than she is but definitely not ugly. I sometimes get the feeling that to be considered "nice to look at" in today's society, you have to look like some character from "Dynasty." But these idealized images have nothing to do with reality. They are just images, transient in nature. In the late nineteenth century, chubby women were quite popular in France. Does it mean our great-grandfathers were insane or blind? Of course not! It just means that the "ideal" body society tells you is desirable is nothing but a carrot advertisers dangle in front of you to sell Diet Coke, running shoes and magazines with articles on how to lose weight. But enough with the ravings. Hold on to your guns as I know you will anyway. I am of the opinion that any reader who sends his photograph, especially in various stages of undress, is both plucky and honest. Not being afraid to show your body is important for one's self-respect. And self-respect is too important to sacrifice it to please a few bigots. All the best, JERYN/Paris

***

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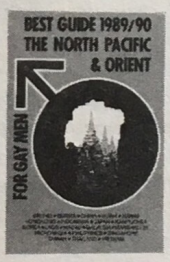

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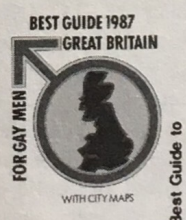

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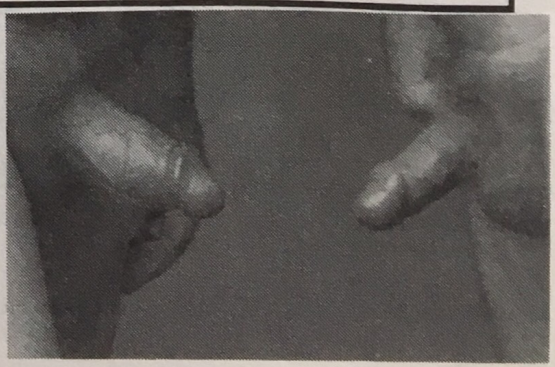

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue. You may write to any of them the same way you write to an advertiser with a code word. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas, per half ounce) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for forwarding.

THE BIKER is yet another discovery of KENT JUSTICE. At 66, he's a rugged outdoors type and retired construction worker who lives in the Florida panhandle. This incredibly handsome man enjoys the company of masculine, younger men who can relate to a mature guy who loves life to the fullest.

R.K. BRAMAN is a 30ish Libra living in New Jersey. A perpetual student and aspiring writer/poet, he lives with his mate of 11+ years.

CAMERA MAN is a professional photographer who lives in Southern California. This 31-year-old, 6 ft., 170# jock is attracted exclusively to masculine men 45 and older.

CARLOS is a 34-year-old, blond Panamanian with hazel eyes. Into older men since very young, this Manhattan designer joins the ranks of our very talented artists.

CEARCE is 69, 5'-9", 140#, and just *loves* cock. He wants to hear from singles and couples who love cock as much as he does. Hung and uncut a plus. CEARCE lives in Cleveland.

CHASER likes chubby guys only, preferably 250-400# and living in Rhode Island or nearby. A handsome, hung senior, CHASER lives in Providence.

EL CID, a 60ish, short/stocky, ex-pro athlete and truck driver, hails from Southern California and is one of the most considerate, loving people we've ever known. Imagine this gorgeous man, showing up at a party, dressed as Santa Clause. He has, twice. "Guess what Santa's got for you under his red nightshirt?"

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE. He's Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

TOM DOLSON is 6'-1", 200#, 64 and athletic. This retired business executive loves boats, water, sports and music. He has condos on Lake Erie and Ft. Lauderdale Beach.

DREAMER is a handsome 60, 6'-1", with silver hair and blue eyes. He seeks a special, tall, Greek active man, 30-60.

EBB is a very well-put-together, 40-year-old Tennessee writer, who recently lost his lover of 18 years. This man knows all about picking up the pieces and making some sense of life after the bottom falls out. He's a pretty good cartoonist too, but will devastate you with his fiction.

JACK EDWARDS is one hairy guy! At 57, 185#, 5'-11", this hot New Yorker seeks explicit and imaginative letters from hot and hairy men nationwide.

EL PREPUCIO, a 50ish, 6 ft., 205# chestman from Philadelphia, is still pumping iron and still looking for an in-shape partner, coach or dad. He's into safe kink with sane limits and expanding endurance.

BILL HARRIS, a writer of fiction and essays, has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Texas with his lover.

HAWFINCH, a 70-year-old, lively, horny, retired professor living near the Canadian Rockies, is 5'-10", 160# and handsome as a gold bar. He's looking for exchange visits with men all over the world.

JAMES is a young man living in Wisconsin. He has a lover, but would like to correspond with older men.

JERYN is a 29-year-old free-lance journalist living with a 58-year-old retired engineer in Paris. How wonderful for us that he happened upon our June 89 issue in that Paris bookstore. A super cartoonist, JERYN promises to keep us well stocked for a long time with great material.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/photographer/videographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subscribers.

KID is a 31-year-old Florida resident who enjoys water skiing and motorcycling. Still seeking "Cap'n."

STEVE MANION is a North Shore actor/artist/dancer who is native to Massachusetts. He has a great sense of humor and is well educated.

FATHER JOHN J. McNEILL, distinguished author, priest and psychotherapist, resides in New York with his wonderful partner of many years. In 1976, with the Vatican's permission, the Roman Catholic priest published THE CHURCH AND THE HOMOSEXUAL (Beacon Press), which told Catholics it's okay to be gay. In 1978, the Vatican reversed its stand and began a campaign of suppression which led to McNeill's expulsion from the Jesuits in 1985. Recently he published TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD (Beacon Press), an electrifying, very personal book.

NIGHTSHADE is an incredibly good-looking 22-year-old who lives in Orange County, California, and works in the entertainment industry. He prefers gray-haired, stoutish men and is very mature for his age.

OTTO is a tall, 36-year-old Ohio artist who really knows his mythology. OTTO loves mature, masculine guys with a paternal attitude.

QUETZAL has been with us from the very beginning and has contributed a massive amount of cartoons to the cause. His current hit series, GOLDEN GOODIES, is critically acclaimed. The description "prolific" doesn't do him justice. QUETZAL and his dynamic model/actor lover, PLOVER, have recently moved to Los Angeles from Virginia.

RADER is in his late 20s and has always been into older men. His spouse is 44. A famous artist by profession, he's been previously published in DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND. He's promised us more, so hang on, guys!

RAY II is a handsome, 42 year old, rosy cheeked Englishman who is trying to pick up the pieces after the loss of his lover of many years. The owner of a coastal resort, he welcomes visitors --especially Silver Centaurs. He's a dedicated lover of older men in their 50's on up past the 70's.

REBEL II is one of the sexiest men alive, we swear! This 53 -year-old, 6 foot, 220 # Taurus Bull is a true seeker of Bear. He lives in the L.A. area with his own short, stocky, hairy, 40ish bear.

KENN RICHIE is one of the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screen plays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted **SILVER CENTAUR** and has given us invaluable support.

SAMN is a 6', 160#, 48-year-old actor/ dancer/ teacher with aqua eyes. Attracted to younger men, especially blue-eyed blonds, this Marylander tends to be rather kinky.

SILENUS HONEY, an experimental film maker from L.A., just turned 60 and is 5'-10" and 240#. He lives with 50 rare finches and loves to write and act.

ROBERT K. SILL is 53, 5'-9", 165# and lives in Florida. Robert is looking for someone 18-35 for a monogamous relationship.

SOUTHERN PRIDE is a 40-year-old Taurian from North Carolina. A nature trail lover and romantic, he enjoys meeting/making new friends.

S. SWANNER is a handsome writer and avid reader from Mississippi. In his late fifties, he's looking for a top man, 50+.

WARLOCK, 67, is a teddy bear who lives in western New York with the COURT JESTER, his partner of many years. WARLOCK created quite a stir at Mardi Gras in 1989, with his hairy chest and ready smile. Look for him at Mardi Gras in 1990!

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication.

****

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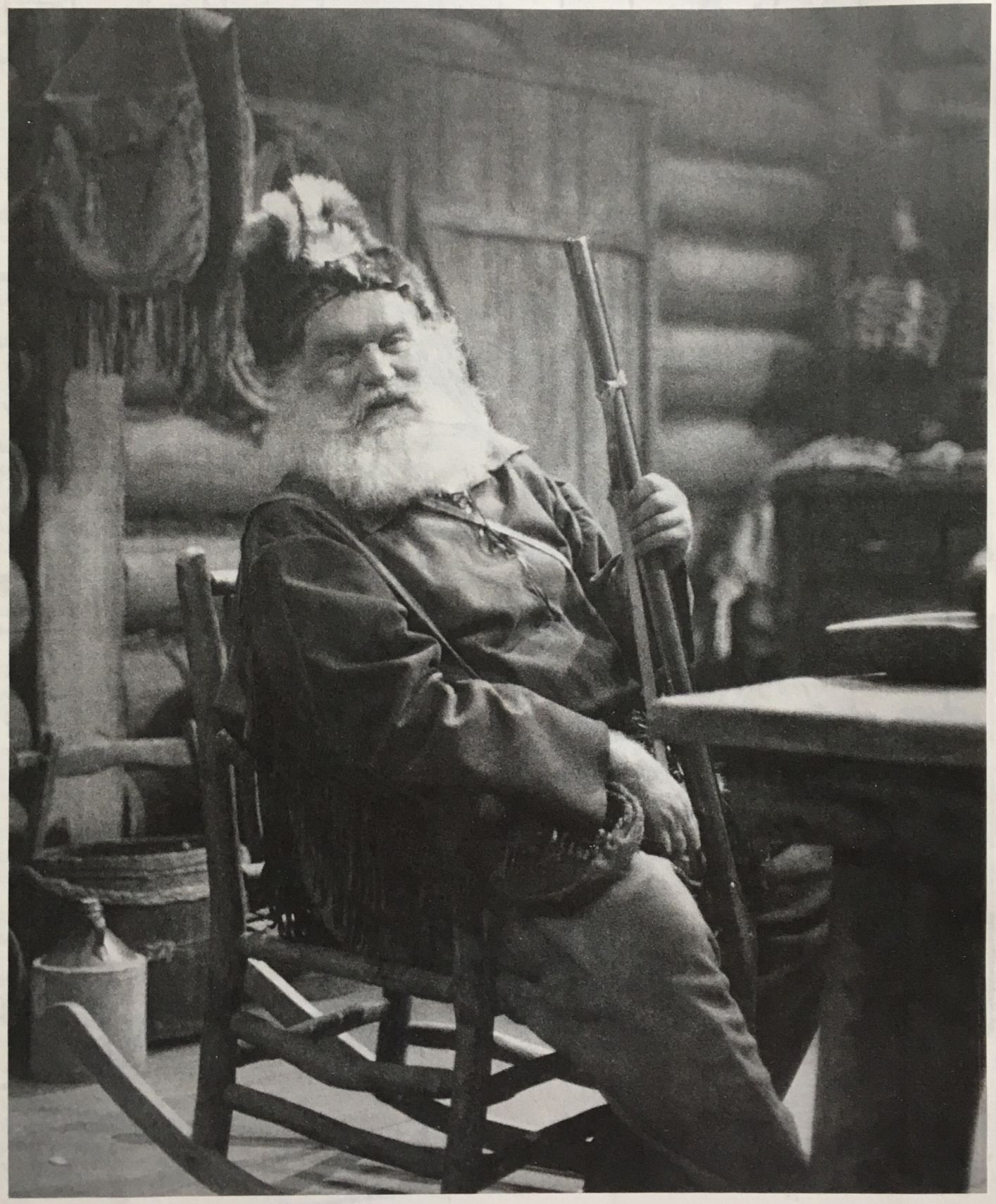

SILENUS HONEY...photo by MIDAS WELL

ANNOUNCEMENTS

A chapter of PRIME TIMERS is now being considered for the Morongo Basin area of Southern California. All interested seniors and senior lovers in Landers, Twenty-nine Palms, Yucca Valley, Joshua Tree, Morongo and Flamingo Heights are asked to contact Frank Verrua at (619) 366-8614. Those men in the low desert communities of Palm Springs, Cathedral City, Rancho Mirage, Palm Desert, Desert Hot Springs and Indio are also welcome. We all know that the senior gay population in this area is substantial, so let's get together and have some fun.

***

Senior models are needed for current production of new videos for older men and their admirers in the Greater New Orleans area. These videos will put CENTAUR SIX and TRIPLEX to shame and contain some eye-popping, state-of-the-art videographic techniques. We have seen some of these videos and they are awesome! Interested models should contact KENT JUSTICE in care of CHIRON RISING.

***

We really hate to admit it, but CHIRON RISING is NOT the first periodical to feature older and heavier men. KAIMEI-KAN has been doing it for seven years in Japan! KAIMEI-KAN's wonderful magazine, SAMSON, is now available to American readers and is now our brother publication. SAMSON is well crafted, glossy, thick (each issue is 275 pages) and loaded with some of the best artwork and photography on older and heavier men the world has ever seen. Although the Japanese government forbids the publication of a penis, SAMSON does quite well with cheese cloth and the use of other loopholes to satisfy the censors. Each issue is loaded with extraordinary photography, erotic artwork, cartoons and stories (all text is in Japanese). One doesn't need to understand Japanese to thoroughly enjoy this publication. We certainly do. If you'd like to subscribe or order their current issue, see their ad in this issue.

KAIMEI-KAN is also looking for a U.S. agent for distribution of adult VHS and BETA videos produced in Japan. All videos feature mature and big men and are NOT censored by Japanese standards. In other words, their videos leave nothing to the imagination. Interested parties should contact: KAIMEI-KAN, P.O. Box 66, Shitaya Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110 -91. Sorry, no individual sales from Japan to U.S.

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We encourage the giving of gift subscriptions, but we cannot ship a special issue to someone other than the buyer. If you would like to give our ENCORE COLLECTION to a friend, you must have it shipped to you and then you must forward it to your friend.

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If you would like to attend Convergence '90 in Chicago next summer, write to Girth & Mirth, Inc., P.O. Box 14384, Chicago, IL 60614 for more information. Those of you who attended Convergence '89 in Los Angeles know how much fun these conventions can be. Convergence '90 will be held at the Chicago City Centre near the "Magnificent Mile," right smack in the middle of all the fun. Chicago will be eager to outdo L.A. and New York, so you really shouldn't miss this one.

***

BLK, the new publication for the black gay and lesbian community, was called the "best new lesbian and gay periodical, period" by *L.A. WEEKLY* in its annual survey of what's superior in Southern California. *BLK* just distributed its eleventh monthly issue. Published in its September 22-28, 1989 issue, the *L.A. WEEKLY* notice said, "Gay L.A.'s hottest ingenue read is the brainchild of black (and proud!) lesbians and gays whose effort is setting a standard for the rest of us." The item also said, "The monthly magazine *BLK* has it all: features that thoroughly explore the convoluted politics and paradigm -hopping that makes progressive lives so interesting, an unpredictable news survey with an especially sharp eye on same-sex love's status in popular culture; humor that might really make somebody laugh; and interview with a range of provocative personalities, from lesbian poetic luminary Audre Lorde to AIDS activist Roger Pamplin to international literary heavyweight James Baldwin." *BLK* is published by Blk Publishing Company, Box 83912, Los Angeles, California 90083-0912. Telephone is (213) 410-0808.

[Editor's Note: We highly recommend BLK to our black readers and those who would like to more fully understand the black experience. It is one hell of a magazine and should be required reading for all evolved gay people. BLK's publisher, Allan Bell, extends an invitation to all CHIRON RISING contributors--black or otherwise--to tackle a black-related subject for them.]

***

BALL CLUB

For men who have 'em and men who want 'em, the BALL CLUB is an efficiently run communications network with a lively, quarterly newsletter full of hot stories, articles, photos, drawings and hundreds of explicit, personal ads from members of all ages and ethnic backgrounds. If you're at all into this part of the male anatomy, you'll find what you want in the BALL CLUB. We're nation-wide/worldwide. For free information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BC/SW, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

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MANY CHIRON RISING READERS INDISCRIMINATELY PASS ON THEIR COPIES. CONSEQUENTLY, C-R CAN END UP IN THE HANDS OF SCAM ARTISTS, WHO CALLOUSLY VICTIMIZE OUR MORE LONELY, GULLIBLE ADVERTISERS. MOST SCAM ARTISTS OPERATE FROM BEHIND BARS, BUT A FEW DON'T. WE THEREFORE URGE OUR ADVERTISERS TO BEWARE OF ANY CORRESPONDENT WHO BRINGS UP THE SUBJECT OF MONEY OR GIVES YOU A TALE OF WOE. IF YOU MUST BE A BENEVOLENT PROVIDER, KNOW TO WHOM YOU GIVE MONEY.

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HOW DO I KNOW MY SUBSCRIPTION IS UP FOR RENEWAL? We include a colorful reminder note inside your final issue. Because of our austerity campaign, we normally don't send out subsequent reminders. If you would like to know when your subscription will run out, see your mailing label. If your final issue is, say, 4/90, the code number above your name will read, "FC-4/90," or "VIP-4/90." If you have a personal ad which also expires the same date, your code number would look something like this: "FC-4/90 S-4/90." Left number, subscription, right, ad.

WHERE IN THE HELL DID YOU GET THAT NAME? In Greek Mythology, CHIRON (pronounced Ky-Ron) was the Chief of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn and Philyra. Universally regarded as kind, wise, noble and just, he was the original Silver Centaur. CHIRON is also a recently discovered minor planet. RISING is an astrological term. When someone has, say, Scorpio rising in his chart, it means that the sign of Scorpio was rising on the eastern horizon at the time of birth. In other words, that person has a Scorpio "ascendant." Likewise, a planet can be rising at the time of birth, too. Both the Friar and I had the planet of CHIRON..... RISING at the time of our respective births. Get it? For those of you who do not like our name change, please judge our contents and not the title. We have our reasons. After all, would we laugh at your name if it were Clarence Fudd?

WHAT IS YOUR TARGET AUDIENCE? CHIRON RISING was created for all men who perceive themselves as older or mature, and those men who love them. We exclude only those under the legal age. We welcome all men of any size, race, sexual persuasion or philosophy who feel alienated from the gay mainstream. We especially welcome those who are suffering from loneliness, poor health or isolation.

WHO ARE THE MEN BEHIND CHIRON RISING? THE FRIAR and PAT are 68 and 49 respectively and have absolutely no previous experience in publishing. Neither holds a degree. THE FRIAR is a retired military officer and ex Prisoner of War. PAT abandoned a very successful career in materials management and procurement to devote full time to CHIRON RISING.

CAN I WRITE TO YOUR MODELS, ARTISTS AND WRITERS? We urge our readers to write and encourage our contributors, unless otherwise noted. Merely write your letter, seal and stamp it. In the center of it, write in pencil, the name we use for them (KENN RICHIE, RAM, REBEL II, etc.). Place that envelope inside another one and mail to us for forwarding. If you are not a subscriber, include $ 1 for every letter. None of our models are professionals. All are subscribers.

WHY DON'T YOU PUBLISH YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER? We legally work out of our home and usually hit the sack at 9 pm every night. If we published our telephone number, the phone would be ringing off the hook at 2 am with someone who found C-R in a toilet and wants to know how to contact THE BIKER. If you are a subscriber and want to call us or come by for a visit, drop us a line with your phone number and photo. We do ask that you not share our telephone number with anyone else.

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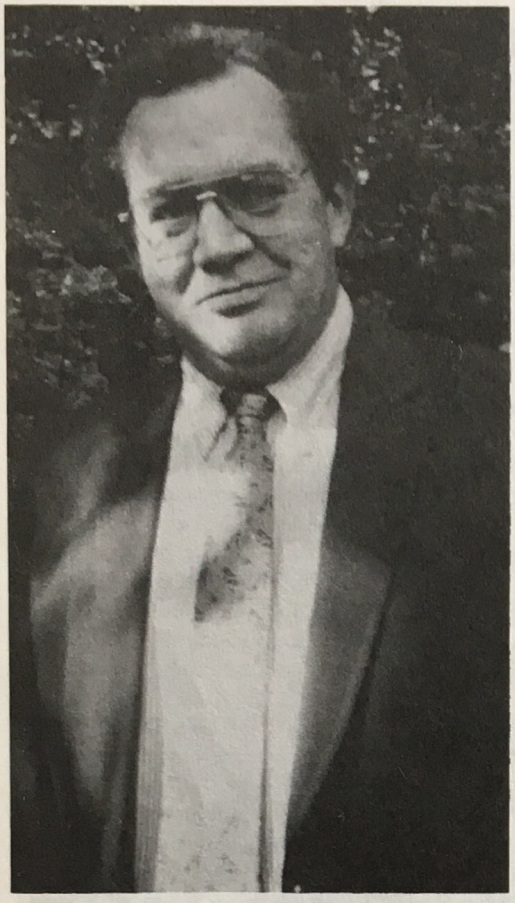

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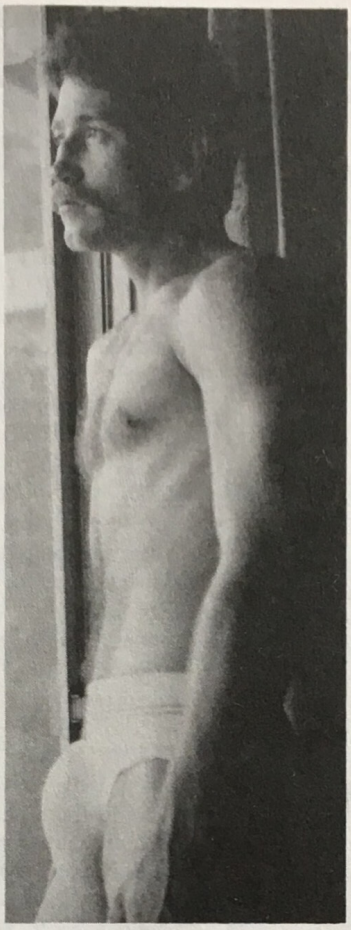

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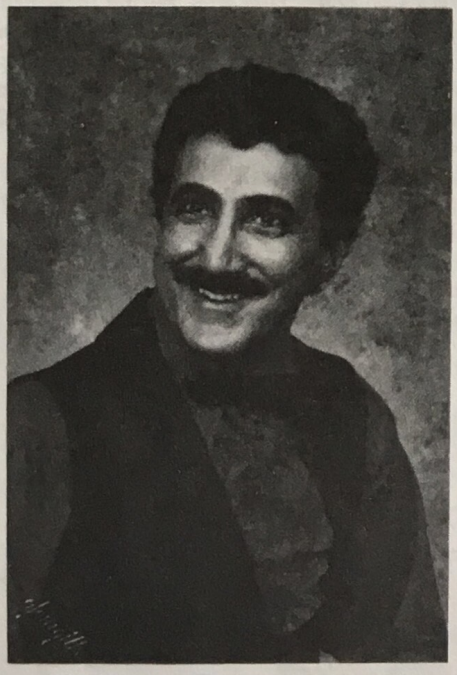

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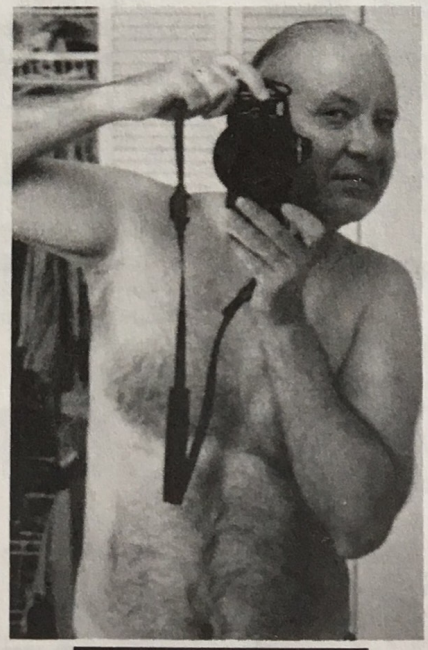
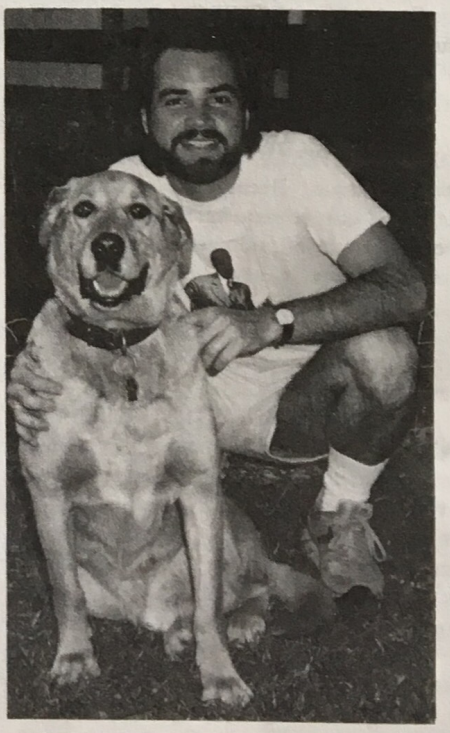


ROBERT K. SILL
....self portrait



JAMES...a self portrait

THE FESTS
show biz talk

by KENN RICHIE

Last summer, the Lesbian and Gay Film Festival in Los Angeles listed two works dealing with older gay men. Our beloved editor, knowing me to be a movie fan, urged me to attend and offer a report. Anticipation mounted appropriately, for this promised to be a desperately desired answer to our constant wailing and moaning that such characters are so rarely, if ever, honestly depicted on the screen.

Indeed, the films fulfilled their promise. *Salut Victor* and *An Empty Bed* are both fine motion pictures dealing with mature gay men. The Hollywood area festival was exciting, housed at the new Director's Guild building, and well attended by serious film devotees. We had a marvelous time. . . while the fat lady sang. In other words, when each screening concluded, there was a sad irony to the words, "The End," for only one showing could be programmed in the crowded schedule.

The joy I felt for the opportunity to report to *CHIRON RISING* readers that there were two very worthwhile films on the subject of senior gay men, was dampened severely by the thought that I might have to add, "of course, you may never get a chance to see them." This report has waited in hopes of better news.

Film Festivals are our best, and often only, opportunity, not only for viewing gay themed works, but to provide the film makers with some degree of encouragement to create such works! Gay film festivals are annual events in most cities with the population to support them. The most notable are in San Francisco, New York and Los Angeles, yet festivals are also held in Houston, Chicago and most all major cities, as well as in such special interest areas as Key West. More are being developed every year, with the hope that, eventually, the life span of a gay themed film, "making the rounds of the fests," will warrant continued and quality growth production.

Those of us who live in such areas are well advised to seek out, through our service centers and grapevines, the sponsoring groups in our communities, and be sure we are on their mailing lists for advance programs and announcements. Local press information often appears only a few days before show time, and the feast/famine problem of trying to select which of dozens of films to see (let alone reserve seats), does require some advance planning.

Video tape, it would seem, offers another possible solution, yet it should be noted that this industry is very nearly as governed by black boxed greed and mogul impersonation as theatrical distribution. "If it wasn't big box-office in theatres--." The chances of a low budget, independent, gay themed film appearing on the shelf at your neighborhood VidRents are about the same as it being booked to premiere at Radio City or Mann's Chinese.

Salut Victor, the more ambitious feature-length film regarding seniors that was the gala opening of the L.A. festival, may not be available. Requests for information have been ignored by the National Film Board of Canada, its backers and distributors. The film is a gentle and charmingly simple tale of a love developing and flourishing between two elder French Canadians (the film is subtitled) in a retirement home. The affectionate portrait rendered by film maker Anne-Claire Poirier is witty, touching and relatively free of clichés, save for the notion of young film makers that older men "don't." (A gay love story that seems to be seeking a "G" rating and appears self-conscious to depict its central characters so much as holding hands?) Still, the roles are beautifully played, the technical credits are fine, and the film is a reasonable reply to those of us who've cried for portrayals of senior gay characters. Alas, I can offer no clues as to how one might find an opportunity to see it once it has "done the fests."

An Empty Bed offers good news, however, in the New York film maker Mar Gasper advises that *CHIRON RISING* readers in that area may catch a screening on December 7th at the Museum of Modern Art, and that it will be made available as a limited edition VHS video to individuals only.

The film is, officially, a "featurette," yet the quality production warrants its consideration in the "feature" status it misses by only a few turns of the clock. Here, the premise of "A day in the life of--" is pursued as our senior gay hero, superbly played by Broadway actor, John Wylie, makes his routine daily journey through his neighborhood, only to encounter old acquaintances who prompt him to reflect on his life (flashbacks). Perhaps one of the strongest GAY statements in recent films occurs here due to the fact that there is nothing extraordinarily "gay" involved! This is a day in the life of, and the memories of, a man. He enjoys a sandwich at a diner, he wishes he didn't have the smoking habit, he reflects on his past with some regrets and some pride, just as any man might. He finds nothing in his world that demands special attention due to his sexual preference. Only the options of casting and minor dialogue denote the character as gay in a film that is not only understandable and identifiable to "straights" but serves to point out that gay people do not live in a foreign world. Some gay reviewers have thought the film depressing, responding more to the title than the content, I suspect, with their fearful belief that older gay men "don't." If this hero, as portrayed by the handsome Mr. Wylie, returns to "an empty bed," it is by choice! *An Empty Bed* is a beautifully made, thoroughly professional, realistic motion picture that is a character study of an older man who just happens to be gay. It is a welcome addition to a sadly neglected film library shelf.

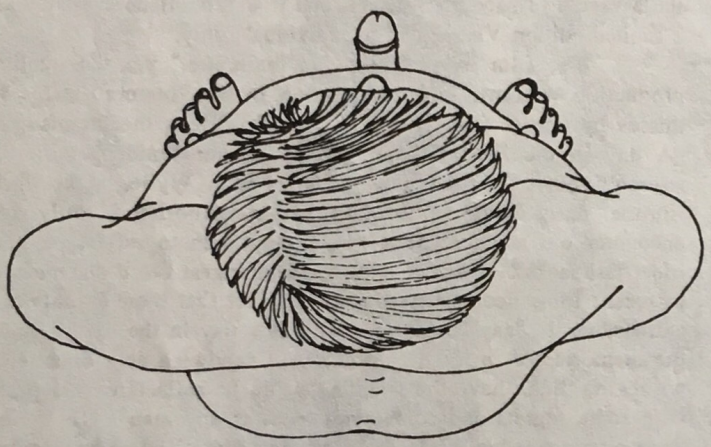
We are advised that the limited edition video is available for $59.99 plus $3 postage/handling, directly from the producing organization, The Yankee-Oriole Company, 21-12 33rd Ave., Astoria, NY 11106.

The proposition that the festivals are a vital means of encouraging more production, and greater availability, of gay themed films is seconded by their ability to "showcase" works for video release. A case in happy point is the remarkable documentary, *Before Stonewall*, that might have suffered only limited exposure on PBS channels, had it not generated enthusiastic support from its tour of "the fests." It is now a major new release from M.P.I. Home Video, and, if not in stock at your local shop, you may ask them to order it for you.

Before Stonewall, a film by Greta Schiller with strong co-director contributions by Robert Rosenberg, succeeds in reaching the rarely achieved goal of the documentary genre, that of providing accurate and fascinating history and fact through interview and library footage, while thoroughly entertaining and even emotionally involving the viewer. Any lesbian, gay or thinking human being of sufficient years to remember what it was to be a "queer" prior to the great coming out party of the late sixties, cannot help but view this film with tears flowing

into laughing lips. If one does not actually spot one's self somewhere in the rare old footage, the memories of having "been there" are overwhelming. Covering a period of approximately 1920 to 1970, few stones are unturned. The depression, World War II, the McCarthy era, the risky early ventures of gay bars, underground press, secret clubs, etc. are all revealed. Memories are spiced by the seemingly endless and constantly changing vocabulary, the hint dropping gestures and signals, the fears of a vice squad raid, the guilt, the pride, the madness, the sorrow and the joy. I felt I was watching my own life story unfolding on my television screen, and I suspect that very few *CHIRON RISING* readers would react any differently.

It's about time someone made a movie about me, but it would be an outrage if no one ever saw it. Thank God for the fests!



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"My God, how much ecstasy can one stand?" (D.D., Newport Beach)

"A masterpiece! And you're practically giving it away." (XYLOPHANG)

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I WAS JUST THINKING
by Bill Harris

Since we're about to cum (whoops!) into a new decade, perhaps it is time I took up my correspondence with Santa Claus after a hiatus of many, many years. So here goes:

Dear Santa (you sexy hunk): I have been good (I know because it is written on the wall of every men's room in town --and not by me this time). You will be glad to learn that my needs are simpler now than when I last wrote you. Remember how I always wanted the latest style in men's wear? Now the only time I wear clothes is when I go out; I've got enough left over from previous Christmases to last until I start wearing wings, halo and a long white robe. Santa, do you think those robes are designed for flashing? I hope so. Drag has never been my cup of pee, so, unless those robes can be flashed open, I would just as soon wear jeans. So, forget the rags, Santa.

Just bring me a nice, plump, red-cheeked, fat old man with a long white beard and wire-rimmed spectacles. He doesn't need a lot of toys in his bag--just a couple of balls.

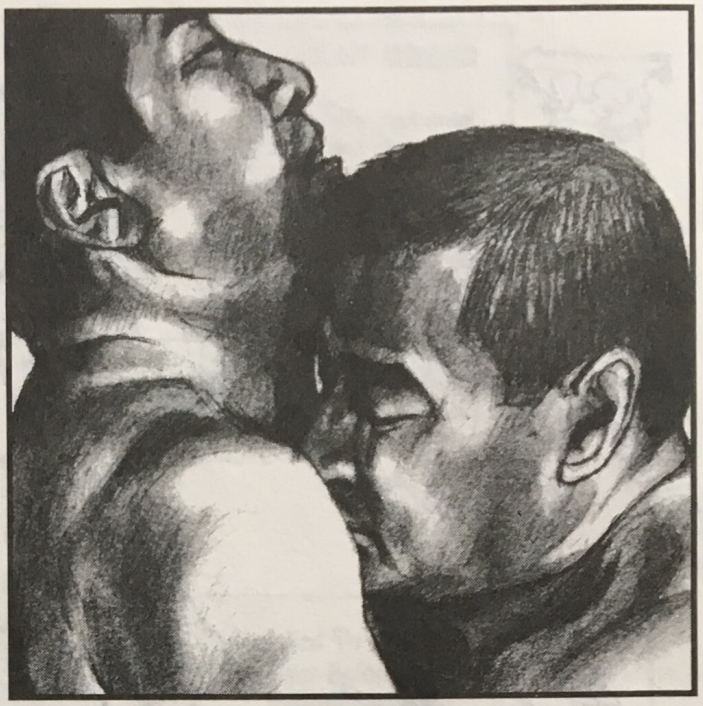
And the TV and VCR you gave me three years ago --they're still working just fine. Oh, I could use a few hot, horny videos starring the COLONEL, THE WARLOCK and THE FRIAR. I could get blisters on my right palm watching those guys. So, save your expensive electronic gear for someone with sophisticated tastes.

Just bring me a jolly old white-mustached man with a hot dick in an easily-removed red suit who goes around laughing Ho Ho Ho every time he gets a Christmas goose. Santa, I've got all the equipment and the lust to give him the treatment every horny old man needs.

And, Santa, remember the cookies and milk I used to put out for you? Well, we're too old for that shit now. Instead you'll find a pitcher of martinis and a copy of a special edition of CHIRON RISING. The intent is to get that dick of yours so hard you'll have to run back to my bedroom and confirm my belief in Santa Claus. Convince me, Baby!

Santa, I know you meant well when you gave me that set of Encyclopedia Brittanica, but, Santa Baby, they were Dullsville. Give me some hot stuff like CHIRON RISING, MANDATE and TRASH. Let me imagine those hot, hard dicks are summoning me for a session of depravity.

Now listen, Santa Doll, when you come back to my bedroom to get relief from the pressures of your job, why not stay? I'd even feed Prancer, Vixen and Rudolph in order to serve your needs for a year. Do it, Santa; you're my type. Lay your warm and tender body close to mine and I'll show you how good I really am. See, Santa Baby, my needs are simple; I'm not asking too much.



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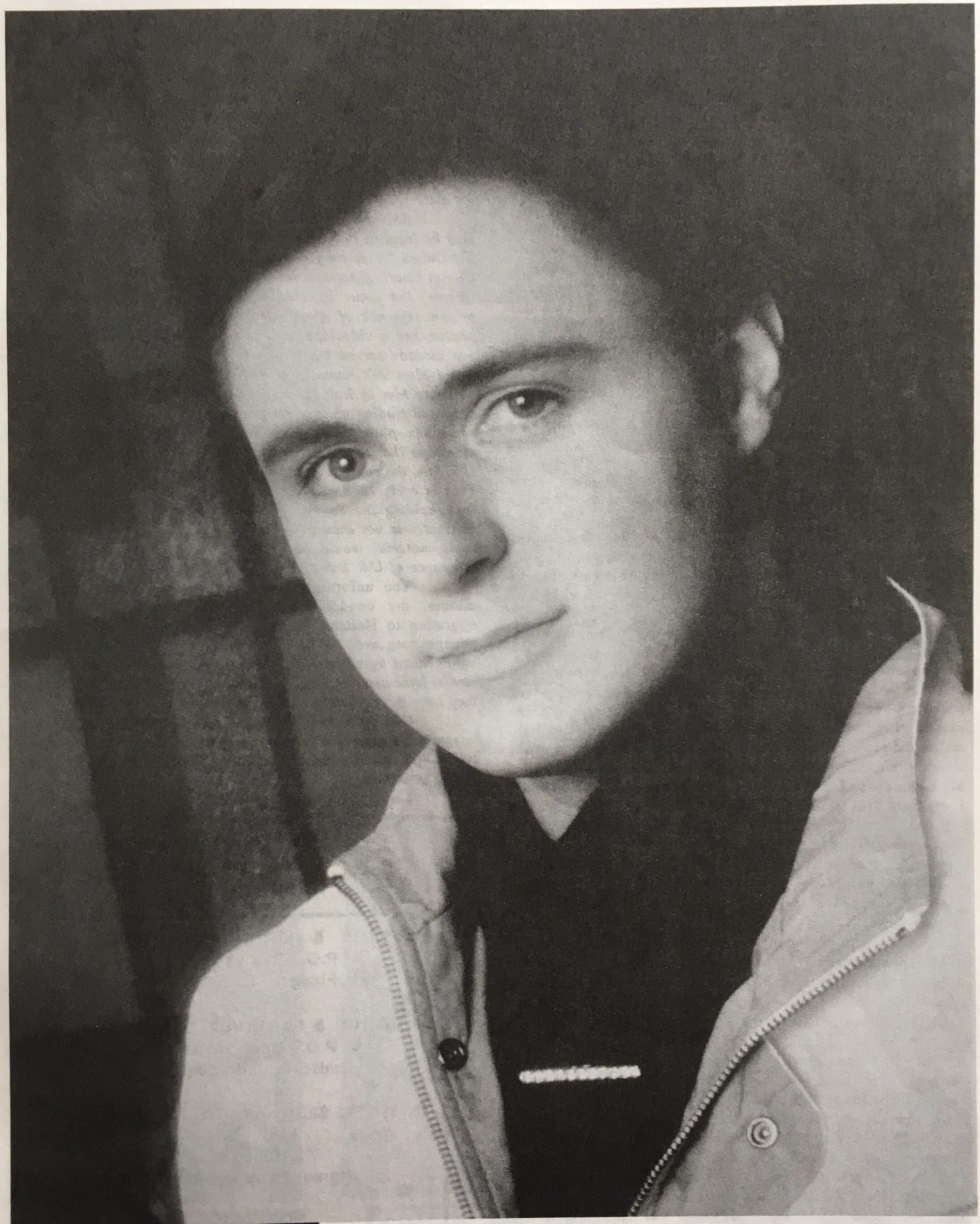
MERRY MERRY AND HAPPY HAPPY
TO CHIRON RISING READERS,
EACH AND EVERY ONE!

Henn Rickie

I LOVE YOU GUYS!



NIGHTSHADE...photo by J.A.

XYLOPHANG

We've read a lot lately about how vigorously the Feds are prosecuting cases of sex with minors. LEGAL EAGLE has devoted space to it and RFD did an article a few issues back about Gestapo-like entrapment by the U.S. Postal Service. We're now reading more about the activities of NAMBLA (North American Man/Boy Love Association) and how they continue to defy awesome harassment by the Feds. So what does all this have to do with the readers of CHIRON RISING? Plenty!

Although all of us have the common thread of either being older or having a preference for older men, many of us came out at an early age, sometimes at the hands of an adult. But if there is a crime, who perpetrates it? Why is the minor always considered the "victim?" Granted, those youngsters who are pre-pubescent are innocent, but what of the early teen who is raging with God-given puberty?

I'll never forget how police stormed into my junior high school that day back in 1946, arresting my math teacher, charging him with child molestation. He was one of the most popular teachers there and all of my fellow students were stunned that such a nice man could be such a vile monster in disguise. Of course, kids were preconditioned, firmly believing that all "queers" were diseased, effeminate creatures who came out at night like vampires to prey on young boys.

The arrest of my math teacher devastated me, because I had a crush on him. By the age of 12, I had already seduced a 24-year-old neighbor six times and half the boys in my neighborhood at least twice. At 13, I had my way with my best friend's 40-year-old step-father. I was the molester and knew exactly what I was doing. Not until much later in my life did I realize the profound consequences of my deeds. The 24-year-old abruptly left the area, no doubt terrified that I would turn him in. My buddy's step-father made sure that he was never around when I was there. He mysteriously died two years later. Had I been so inclined, I could have fingered both of them and they'd been slapped into prison for 20 years each. How many molestation convictions developed just that way? Sickeningly, too many. Today, any gay man who allows himself to be alone with a minor--for whatever legitimate reason--has to be out of his fucking mind.

The risk of being fingered by a jilted or mean-spirited minor notwithstanding, the federal government has escalated their "war against pedophilia" and created some new, frightening risks which should cause any "chicken hawk" to seriously consider celibacy.

An acquaintance of mine (we'll call him Jake) just got out of jail, having served six months for unwittingly sending "kiddie porn" to a U.S. Postal Inspector. The inspector clandestinely answered his ad and struck up a friendship which lasted for months, complete with the exchange of homemade videos. One day, the inspector asked about videos featuring younger subjects and Jake searched his substantive collection, finding a 20-year-old flick that featured minors. It was a forgotten movie someone had given him years ago. Eagerly, Jake sent the flick, whereupon his house was raided and he was arrested. SURPRISE! He is now on parole, all neatly registered as a sex offender. In addition, a fortune in video equipment confiscated by the Feds will never be seen again.

Other horror stories abound. I recently read that the Feds place ads for photo sets, even stating that all models are over 18. Guys send off for these photos and end up getting pictures of minors. But instead of smelling a rat and getting rid of them, they leave the photos in a drawer somewhere. Later, they're raided and, "Well, what do we have here?"

Think I'm making this up? Well try this AP story on for size:

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) -- Mailing child pornography may be legal in Italy but it's illegal for an Italian to mail it into the United States even if he's unaware of U.S. law, the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruled Friday (August 11, 1989). By a 3-0 vote, the court upheld the conviction and year-and-a-day prison sentence of Alessandro Moncini for mailing child sex photos and a videotape to a Los Angeles policeman. Moncini has already served his sentence. The court said the detective found Moncini's name in a search of a pornography collector, wrote to him in Italy, posing as a friend of the collector, and proposed trading child pornography. After the detective mailed some sex photos, Moncini sent back other pictures and a videotape that fit the definition of child pornography banned by U.S. law, the court said. He was arrested when he came to New York in early 1988 and was tried and convicted in Los Angeles. In upholding the conviction, the appeals court said Moncini's conduct was not excused by the fact that private mailing of the same material would be legal in Italy, nor by his asserted ignorance of U.S. Law.

You unfortunate readers who are doomed to prefer minors, my condolences. Perhaps you should consider migrating to Holland or Denmark. Those of you who like younger men over 18, be alert to the ploys of your zealous law enforcement agencies. Like lawyers going for the deep pocket, law enforcement agencies go for the easy convictions--even if they have to *promote* the crime and create new criminals.

California law enforcement agencies are stuck in a quagmire of gang warfare, traffic gridlock, court backlogs, drug traffic and saturated prisons, yet they find the time to set up an Italian pedophile.

Smugly convinced that you are not in any danger because you like older men? Perhaps not today, but what about tomorrow? Did any of you know that these things were going on?

Right under our noses.

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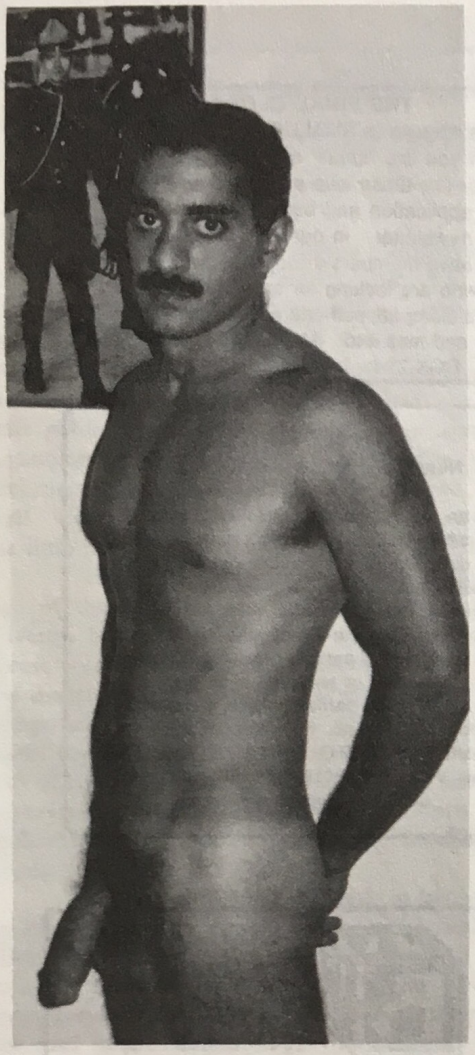
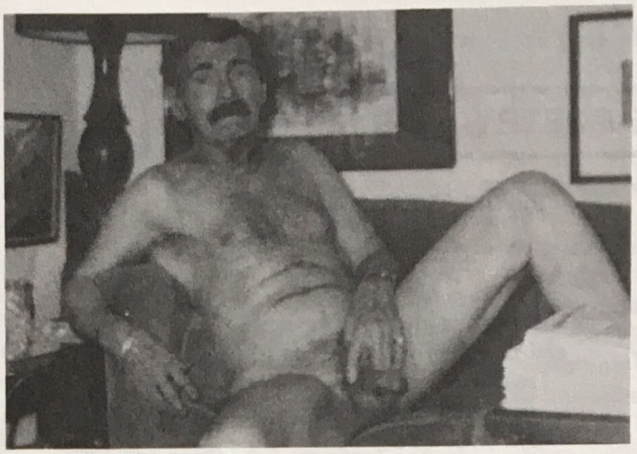
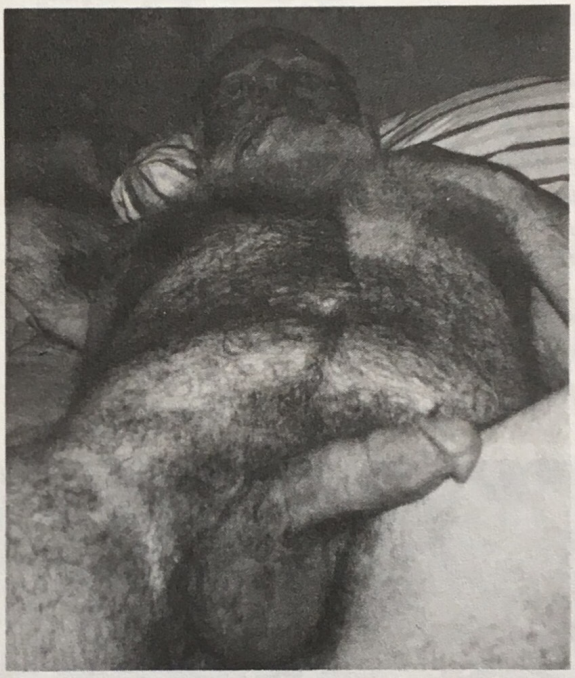


KID....photo by R.K. SILL

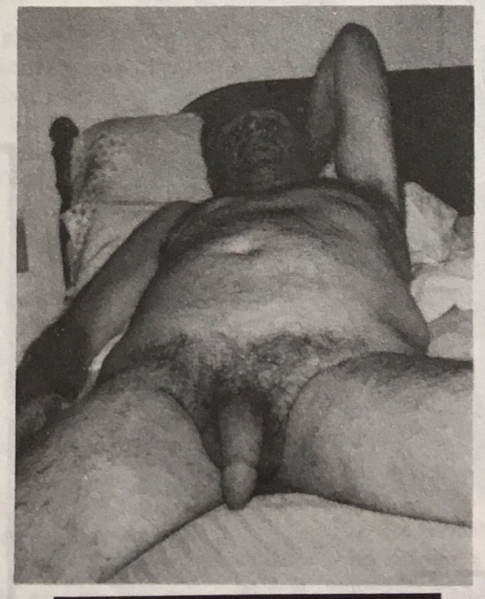


CEARCE....photo by RICKARO

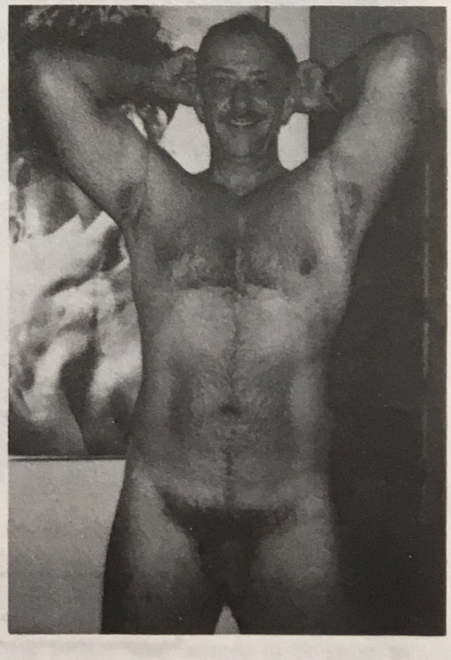


JACK EDWARDS...photo by DICK STANLEY

SOUTHERN PRIDE
photo by RICHARD YEATTS



CHASER...self portrait



EL PREPUCIO...photo by ANKARA

THE POETRY OF R.K. BRAMAN

BEFORE THE PLAGUE

my cock
drags my heart
through smoke encrusted taverns
and thinly lit motel rooms
search for sustenance
to placate the coyote
that lives in my bones

limbic response
button-fly
brass zipper
coarse caress of denim
warm leather glistens with saliva
beneath my tongue
acrid bite of musk and smoke

the hunger is never satiated
only pacified

DICK FILLER

THE FINAL CLOSET

is opening as SMALL ETC. comes out. If you are "small" in size or height, or like those who are, send for free application and excerpts from our newsletter. In our classifieds, we have members throughout the U.S. who are looking for others. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope and mail it to: **SMALL ETC.** P.O. BOX 294 , BAYSIDE, NY 11361

PRIME TIMERS
New York Metro Area Chapter

is an organization dedicated to the social, intellectual, cultural and sexual needs of older Gay & Bi men and their admirers. Socials are held two weekend afternoons a month at Sloan House on West 34th Street, as well as a variety of other activities, including house parties, theatre groups, rap groups, day or weekend trips, games, dining out, nude parties, massage workshops, video parties, etc. For information, write: PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 291, Midtown Sta., New York, NY 10018, or call: (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

AFFILIATED BIGMEN'S CLUBS

584 Castro St.
Suite 139 S
San Francisco, CA 94114

For information about nationwide member clubs for chubby, heavy gay men and their admirers, write to the above.

PLEASE

* * *

Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if your correspondence requires an answer from us.

* * *

Fully identify yourself in your correspondence. We can kill a good hour looking for the file of "Bill in Brooklyn."

* * *

THANKS!

THE INTERVIEW

FICTION by EBB

Big Al McDonald always thought of himself as a big fish in a very small pond. As the long-time school superintendent of a large mountainous county with a relatively small population, he had all of the prestige and power that he wanted. He was tremendously well-liked by parents, students, teachers and administrators. In addition, he was popular with state politicians and well-thought of by some national figures. Regardless of all this, he kept a low profile, preferring the quiet seclusion of his rural county. He enjoyed his job and did it well. Now, at the age of sixty-two, he was content to rule over his little part of the world and let others have the limelight.

He might have felt differently if his county had been one of those unfortunate ones with high unemployment and poverty, but this was not the case. Blevens County was a scenic area of redwood and stone chalets and secluded mountain top mansions. The typical Blevens County family was usually composed of older people who owned businesses in the nearby resort town of Gatlinburg, their children running the businesses, and their grandchildren attending the schools that Big Al supervised. These families, plus various relatives, artists, craftsmen, and those in the service industries, made up the population of Blevens County.

Big Al sat behind the desk in his office and reflected on his "blessings." He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a thick neck and a large barrel chest. He had played football in college but did not pursue it as a career. Now his pecs were sagging and he had "extra" weight around his middle as well as a few road map veins on his gray-haired legs. All in all, Big Al was still a very imposing man with short-cropped white hair topping a craggy face. Penetrating steel-gray eyes looked out from beneath thick and bushy, white eyebrows. The most prominent feature in Big Al's face was his large aggressive nose, which was immediately softened by his gentle, quick-to-smile mouth.

The large, elderly man sighed and groped his crotch with a big, hairy hand. He grinned when he remembered how he got the nickname of Big Al. He felt his genitals stirring at the faint thought of sex. Underneath his hand he felt the thick column of his sexual organ as it erected inside his pants.

Al usually tried not to think about sex. His wife Emma had died two years earlier. They had always had an active sex life, and he sorely missed it. About three months after the funeral, Al became so desperately horny that he went to Knoxville for a weekend with the intention of purchasing a high -class whore. He chickened out, however, and ended up drunk in the lounge of his hotel, where he let himself be picked up by a twenty-five-year-old gay man who followed him to this room and gave him the best damned blow-job he ever had. As a matter of fact, there were three more blow-jobs before Big Al finally let the sore-jawed young man leave.

Big Al shifted his position to accommodate his rapidly expanding cock. He had returned to that same hotel lounge several times, but he never saw the guy again. There had been a few sexual encounters since, with both men and women, but, as with everything else, he practiced moderation. His position in the community forced him to be extremely discreet, and the fear of AIDS prevented him from doing little more with his male partners than passively letting them suck his huge piece. More than once, Big Al had wondered how it would feel to slide his big dick into some guy's cute little ass. He kept rubbers handy, but so far he had never been turned on enough to overcome his inhibitions.

He pushed the sex thoughts away; he had work to do. There was a man waiting to be interviewed for a teaching position. Al usually let them wait for a little while to test their patience, but he had let this one stew long enough.

Doug Randolf was the nervous young man who had already unknowingly started his interview. He really wanted the job. Eight year of teaching at a Chicago inner-city school had completely cooled his idealistic zeal to help the underprivileged. He desperately needed a change to get away from the knives, the guns, the gangs, and the fear.

In 1982, Doug and a close friend had gone to the World's Fair in Knoxville. It was their first trip south and they didn't know what to expect. His friend's reaction was to complain because Knoxville had only two "twinky" bars and one cruising park. Doug found the fair interesting but fell in love with the area. He loved the green rolling hills that swept upward against the forested bastions of the Great Smokies like a chartreuse surf. The people were friendly and had an abiding love for their families, their history, and their land. He knew immediately that this was where he wanted to be. Now, he was only one interview away from making his dream become reality. The secretary's soft drawl awakened Doug from his day-dreaming.

"Mister McDonald will see you now."

He straightened his tie and followed her into the inner sanctum. The first thing he noticed was the enormous desk with its wide, shiny top. Behind the desk, looking like part of it, sat an equally enormous man. Mr. McDonald stood and extended his hand in greeting.

Doug had to restrain himself from gasping out loud as he noticed the outline of what was obviously a huge cock. Shaking hands, Doug felt a tingle as he noticed how Al's large hand almost covered his own. It was warm, almost hot, as if the big man's metabolism burned at a higher rate than his own.

Doug had to fight hard to regain control of himself. The interview was important, he reminded himself, and he couldn't melt like a hot-flashed teenager. "I'm Doug Randolf. Good to meet you, Sir." He immediately felt better and knew that everything was going to be fine. His voice did not betray how he felt.

As Big Al shook Doug's hand, his twinkling eyes locked on Doug's face. He liked what he saw: clear, blue eyes on a strong face, framed by soft, reddish-brown hair. A neatly trimmed mustache defined the young man's upper lip. Al also liked the way Doug firmly pumped his hand and introduced himself. He noticed a blush that flushed across the young man's face but didn't understand the reason for it.

The interview went smoothly. They discussed the difficulties of teaching in a large city. Doug felt relaxed and he enjoyed the situation. It was almost as if he had known the superintendent for a long time. Before he realized it, the interview was coming to an end. He found himself telling the big man where he was staying. Then they shook hands again and Doug left.

Big Al leaned back in his chair. He was more than satisfied with Randolf's experience and credentials. In addition, he was impressed with how the young man had handled himself. Big Al had felt at ease in Doug's presence, and that was a rare event in his life. Most of the people who wanted to be close to him did so because they liked sharing his reflected power. It was refreshing to meet someone who somehow seemed to enjoy

his company for its own value.

He still couldn't figure out what had made the young man blush, however. He shifted his position and once again felt the constriction of his trousers against his aching cock. He looked down at the large bulge and suddenly the proverbial light bulb lit up in his head. A grin tugged at the corners of his mouth and flashed across his face in a sun burst of wrinkles. Next came laughter, a loud, delighted laugh that brought his secretary running.

Away from the aura of Big Al McDonald, Doug's nervousness returned. He got the impression that the job was his, yet he could not remember the man actually having said so. He did not know whether to celebrate or pack up and head back north. He returned to his motel room and stretched out on the bed. Unable to sleep, he finally put on his trunks and went out to the motel pool for a swim. Luck was not with him. The pool was full of chattering children being fussed over by harried mothers or blue-haired grandmothers. Husbands and grandfathers were sadly nowhere in sight.

After fifteen minutes of sun and noise, he returned to his room. Feeling irritable, he took a shower. While the warm water sprayed across his back, he began thinking about the monster meat that had shown in McDonald's pants. His own dick quickly filled out to its modestly imposing seven thick inches. He finished his shower and again lay on the bed, intending to relieve the pressure he felt in his groin. He cupped one hand under his heavy balls and the other around the base of his cock. Gently he moved his hand up and down the curved arch of his organ, making the straining head jump. The pleasurable feeling was just beginning to mount when he was interrupted by the loud jangle of the telephone.

"Shit," he groaned as he reached for the receiver. He immediately came to attention when he recognized McDonald's deep voice.

"Hello, Mister Randolf? This is Al McDonald. I just wanted you to know that I think you'll be an asset to the Blevens County School System. As a matter of fact, there' re a few more things we need to discuss. Uhh. . . There's a decent steak house next to your motel, so if you've not eaten, why don't you meet me there in, say, thirty minutes. I'll buy you dinner."

The steak house food was only fair by Chicago standards, but Doug was beyond caring. He floated through dinner, barely aware of what he was eating. McDonald seemed to be a very well known and popular celebrity in Blevens County. Several people stopped by their table to briefly exchange hellos. The big man politely introduced Doug as the county's bright new teacher and went on to praise his work with disadvantaged big-city youth. It felt strange being elevated from job seeker to mini-celebrity in a matter of minutes. It was obvious that McDonald was a man of power.

Toward the end of dinner, McDonald said, "After dinner, let's go back to the motel so you can change into something more casual. That suit looks so uncomfortable. Then we'll go up to my place for a drink."

Doug suppressed any conclusion.

Back at the motel, McDonald sat on the edge of the bed while Doug changed into a light knit pullover and jeans. The younger man kept looking sideways at the older man, trying to see if he was interested, but for all he could tell, McDonald was straight. Doug was standing at the large mirror in the bathroom, combing his hair, when McDonald suddenly came in.

"Excuse me, son, but I have to take a leak."

Doug stared straight at the mirror as he heard the sounds of the rasp of a lowered zipper and the loud splatter of urine into the bowl. Beyond his control, Doug's head casually turned to the side. Big Al's cock was even more stunning in the flesh than what was promised in his pants. It was thick and uncut. The man was propped with his hands against the wall, letting his dick hang free. It swayed ponderously. Gray hairs curled out of his fly around the base of it.

Doug felt another blush coming on. He looked in the mirror and saw red creeping across his face like a guilty stain. He quickly walked back into the room.

McDonald lived only a fifteen minute drive from Doug's motel, but the convoluted East Tennessee hills made the area seem very secluded. The setting sun was gleaming on the tops of the mountains. The deep valleys were in shadow and began to fill with the Great Smokies' famous blue haze. In the car, Al told Doug about the death of his wife and how lonely he sometimes felt.

"I even bought some pornographic tapes." His eyes were twinkling as he glanced at Doug. "Maybe we'll look at one tonight, hey?"

Doug grunted assent, afraid to trust his voice. The Carly Simon song "Anticipation" was running through his head. At the same time he kept reminding himself to move cautiously. He didn't want to misread the situation and screw up his new job.

At the same time, Big Al was beginning to wonder if he had misjudged the young man. After all, he had done almost everything but shake his dick in the man's face and all the guy did was stammer and blush. Al was aware that his attempt at seduction was clumsy at best. It had been a long time since he had seduced a woman, let alone a man.

McDonald's house was a large A-frame that seemed to grow from the side of a hill. Laurel and rhododendron massed around it like green walls. Marble-paved steps led up to a large deck, sitting atop a high boulder. Beside the deck, a small stream gushed over moss-covered stones, then ran toward the valley. Ferns and wild flowers grew in profusion on the banks.

Al was pleased that Doug seemed impressed. For some strange reason he cared what this young man thought about him. He unlocked the front door and ushered Doug in.

Doug was once again in a dream. The inside of the house had a high, beamed ceiling. Three left bedrooms overlooked a combination den and a sunken living room with woven scatter rugs and walk-in fireplace. Dark wooden floors reflected the furniture. They sat outside on the deck and sipped Jack Daniel's until the evening swarms of mountain gnats drove them back in.

"Come on, Doug. Let's go look at that movie."

"Okay, Al," the younger man slightly slurred. He was a little high from the whiskey or he would never have used McDonald's first name so easily. He followed Al upstairs to a large open bedroom. A big-screen television was at the foot of a king-size bed. Doug leaned against the headboard as the big man put a tape in his Betamax.

"Take your shoes off and make yourself at home," Al told him, as he removed his own. Doug did so and put his feet up on the bed as the movie started. It was one of those tapes with a nonexistent plot and an overdose of close-up fucking and sucking. The women involved faked orgasm and grimaced for the camera.

Doug felt himself getting an erection despite the poorly done film. Big Al's nearness was turning him on. He glanced at the gray-haired man's crotch and was gratified to see

that the enormous bulge appeared to have grown even larger. A giant, gray-fleeced hand came down and softly stroked the outline of the huge cock. Doug raised his eyes to the man's chiseled face. He was stunned to see Al staring straight at him. Al grinned like a Cheshire cat and deliberately winked.

Al was giving Doug an engraved invitation; now it was up to Doug to make the next move. Al breathlessly watched as Doug slowly stretched out a trembling hand and touched the bulge in his pants. He relaxed and pushed closer.

Doug felt Al's cock lurch and swell even larger the moment he touched it. All hesitation disappeared as Doug admitted to himself how much he wanted this man. He raised up on his knees and began to unbutton Al's shirt. A forest of wavy, gray hair was slowly revealing to Doug's lusting gaze. Al pulled the shirt out of his pants and pushed it wide apart, exposing large and fleshy pink nipples. Doug's head swooped down and his tongue began laving and teasing at the right one. When he felt the tit grow hard, he moved his face across the broad expanse of chest hair and did the same to the left nipple. Meanwhile, he kept massaging the enormous cock with his hand. He looked directly into Al's steel-gray eyes and said, "Let's get completely naked."

Within minutes both men were undressed and standing side by side. The flickering porno movie was forgotten as they looked at each other's bodies. Doug drank in the sight of Al's broad shoulders and massive torso. Gray curling hair covered more than just his chest. It fleeced his arms, legs, shoulders, and back. It covered his muscled ass cheeks and made a thick bird's nest at his crotch.

The big man's dick jutted out invitingly. It was like a thick, veined tower that seemed to pulse with his heartbeat. Beneath, a large pair of balls swung like a pendulum. Doug reached out and put his hand around Big Al's meat. The skin immediately slid back, revealing all of the immense head. It seemed to radiate its own heat. Doug dropped to his knees on the thick carpet and took the head into his mouth. He worked down over it until half was engulfed. He could not take any more, because he could barely breathe; his jaws were stretched wide to the hurting point. Doug began to slowly and expertly suck the half that he could take. His hands moved up across Al's hairy belly and then to his tits, where he gently massaged and tweaked. From there they descended until they grasped the man's butt, as if attempting to force even more of the cock into his mouth.

Al moaned and unconsciously began running his long thick fingers through Doug's soft, russet hair. It felt so wonderful that he was getting weak in his knees. The kneeling man gently pushed, and Al slowly fell back on the bed. Doug never let go of the throbbing cock in his mouth. He followed it up onto the bed then crouched over the massive body.

Big Al was sitting back against the pillows, almost helpless from the intense pleasure swirling up and down the nerve endings in his dick. He was now massaging the younger man's neck and shoulders, making goose bumps pop up on the excited flesh. He leaned forward and ran his hands on down each side of Doug's waist until they clasped the hairy cheeks of his ass.

Doug had always been orally oriented, but the feeling of Big Al's hands on his ass was setting off sparks. Suddenly Al's cock gave a mighty lurch and began belching out its load of long-pent-up cum. Doug almost choked, but held on, swallowing constantly until no more fresh cream was forthcoming. Finally he raised his head and looked at Al's relaxed face. A smile lay across his lips. The eyes suddenly opened and looked deeply into his own. Doug wanted to kiss him, but he hesitated, amazed at his own reaction. He had just finished sucking Big Al's cock and yet he still felt intimidated by the man's blazing masculinity. He felt like a moth, compelled to fly into a flame that would ultimately singe him.

Big Al's cock began to swell once again and Doug's attention was immediately distracted from his musings. He fondled Al's balls as the thick column of meat moved back to full rigidity. Still looking into Al's eyes he whispered, "Fuck me."

The older man arose and walked over to a dresser. Doug watched the way his white-haired buttocks moved as he walked. He licked his lips as he watched him return, the looming mass of his dick leading the way. In one hand was a condom and in the other was a tube of lubricant. The massive man gruffly admitted to Doug that he had never fucked a man before, so the younger man rolled the rubber onto Big Al's dick and then greased it and his own ass with the lubricant. He put a pillow under his butt and pulled his legs back.

Big Al might have been a novice at man-fucking, but the minute he felt the giant head of his cock embedded in the tight heat of Doug's ass, he became a natural. With all the gentle care he would have used with his petite wife, Big Al began to glide in and out.

Doug had closed his eyes, expecting the organ to cause some pain, but there was none. There was only pleasure. When he opened his eyes again, the light from the lamp was blinding him. He reached over and switched it off. When he turned his head to look up at the man fucking him, he could only stare in wonder.

The light from the television was reflected off the white hair that covered Al's body. It spread across his shoulders in a glowing nimbus. Doug felt as if he was being fucked by some primal deity. Some powerful Cherokee totem was pumping his butt. A bear! Yes, a great glowing silver bear had mounted him and was taking its god-like pleasure in his mortal ass.

While Doug was having flights in the Overworld, Al was having the more mundane problems of holding back his orgasm. All of his sexual fantasies were coming true, but there was one thing lacking--one last thing that was nagging around the edges of his mind. Suddenly everything was clear, and he knew with certainty what he was going to do. He slowed his powerful fucking, then gently withdrew his cock.

Doug watched the silver bear change back into gorgeous Al McDonald, saw him stripping the rubber from his dick. Then Doug moaned out loud as Al abruptly took Doug's long-forgotten meat into the warm cavity of his mouth. The young man could tell that sucking was another thing the older man had never done. He was hesitant and awkward, but Doug didn't care. It was exciting enough just to have this magnificent man trying to suck his cock.

Trying was no good enough for Big Al. He didn't believe in doing anything half-way. He raised his head and, while Doug watched in amazement, removed his dentures and placed them on the bedside table. Doug realized that Al was sharing with him his most secret vanity. This joining had gone beyond lust to a give-and-take, a sharing of selves. Al returned to Doug's straining cock and gobbled it down with relish. Doug felt as if he had at least got behind the facade of Big Al's power. The big man was letting him share a vulnerability, and the young man gratefully accepted both the symbolism and the pleasure.

Doug could feel Al's meat throbbing and jumping against his leg. Without being touched, it began to shoot gouts of steaming cum. The feeling of Al's hot juice splattering onto his legs set off Doug's own orgasm. His cock began to erupt

into Al's mouth. It jumped and belched its creamy load down the older man's throat. It was Al's turn to hurriedly swallow, trying not to lose a drop of the delicious nectar. Finally Doug was empty, but Al continued sucking his deflating meat. The big man raised his head, and they once again looked into each other's eyes. This time, there was no hesitation. As Big Al McDonald leaned forward and kissed him passionately, Doug realized that the interview was over and that he was about to begin the most important and challenging job of his life.

***

WANT TO GET PUBLISHED IN CHIRON RISING?

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways.

We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

--Cartoons.

--Short stories. We no longer accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn." We do, however, accept unusual fiction in the genres of adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the more erotic the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

--Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

--Poetry.

--Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers-- same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

--Photographs (color or black & white)--full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.

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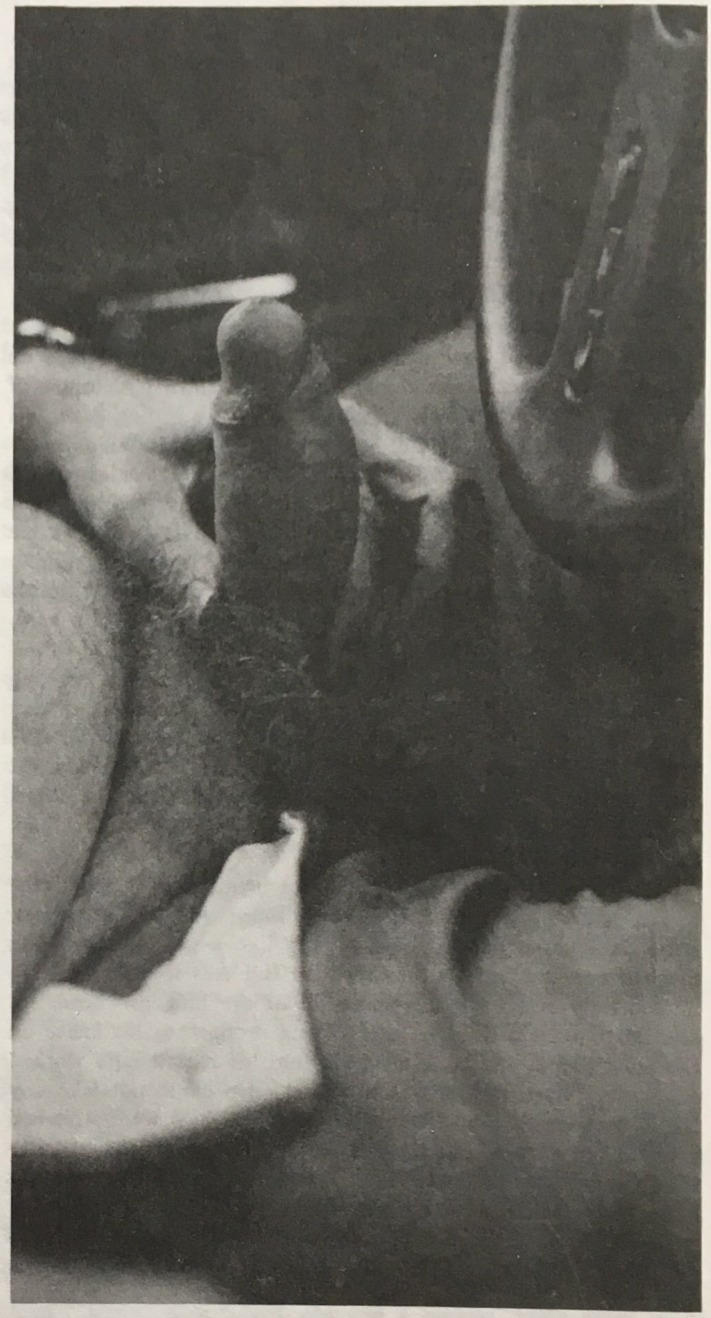
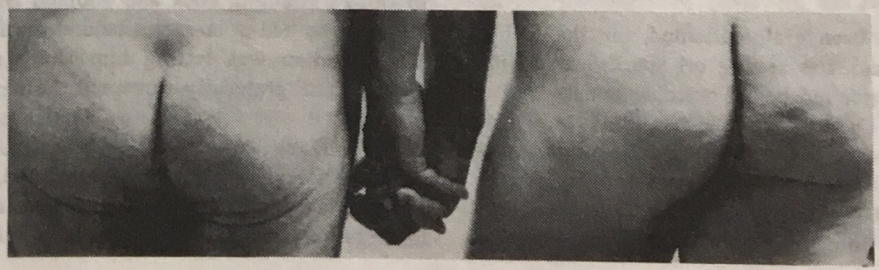


DICK FILLER



CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

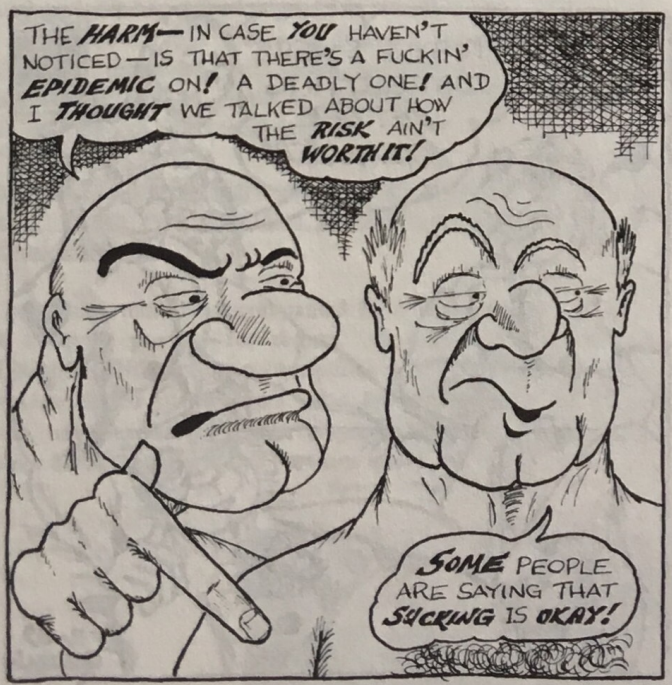
GOLDEN GOODIES

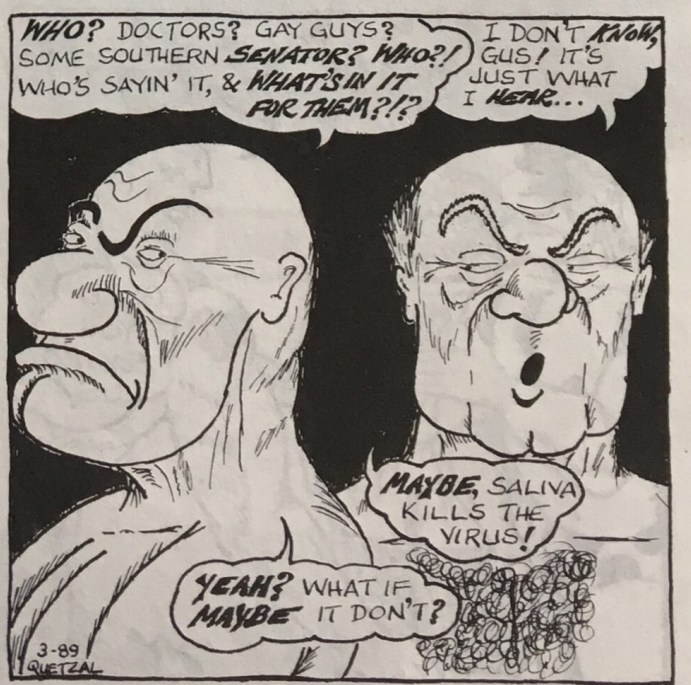
by QUETZAL '89

GOLDEN GOODIES

by QUETZAL '89

O.K., MR. HOT PANTS. WHAT IS ALL THIS SHIT ABOUT?!?
I LIKE HIM, GUS! HE'S GOT A MAGNIFICENT BODY, IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED!
AND, HE'S VERY INTERESTED IN ME!
WHERE'S THE HARM? WE'LL BE BACK IN MINNESOTA NEXT WEEK!


THE HARM—IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED—IS THAT THERE'S A FUCKIN' EPIDEMIC ON! A DEADLY ONE! AND I THOUGHT WE TALKED ABOUT HOW THE RISK AIN'T WORTH IT!
SOME PEOPLE ARE SAYING THAT SUCKING IS OKAY!


WHO? DOCTORS? GAY GUYS? SOME SOUTHERN SENATOR? WHO?! WHO'S SAYIN' IT, & WHAT'S IN IT FOR THEM?!?
I DON'T KNOW, GUS! IT'S JUST WHAT I HEAR...
MAYBE, SALIVA KILLS THE VIRUS!
YEAH? WHAT IF MAYBE IT DON'T?
3-89 QUETZAL

CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

GAY SPIRITUAL MATURITY

by JOHN J. MCNEILL

After over twenty-five years of ministry with gay and lesbian people as priest and psychotherapist, I am convinced that a unique, special and vibrant spirituality is springing up in the gay community; a spirituality totally compatible with a life of gay sexual love and intimacy. This spirituality is finding expression in gay religious groups such as Metropolitan Community Church (the fastest growing Church in the world), Dignity, Integrity, the gay synagogues, etc. In fact, every major church in the U.S. has a gay and lesbian community or caucus. God has a sense of humor and, as scripture says, builds his/her faith community "on the cornerstone that was rejected." I firmly believe that a revitalized faith in the God of love and the future of the Christian Church lies in the base communities of the poor in Central and South America and here in North America in the gay and lesbian faith groups. But this is nothing new. Those who are familiar with gay and lesbian history are aware that true spiritual leadership has always come in great part from the gay community in every culture and time.

We gay people have a desperate need to understand our lives and experience in a positive spiritual context; we have a need to hear the story of others who have undertaken the gay spiritual journey with its unique perils and opportunities. One of the tragedies of gay people in the past has been their enforced isolation from one another and their inability to pass on history and a legacy to a younger generation. Both church and state have tried to control and intimidate gays and lesbians by a deliberate policy of isolation. A central task of our journey of spiritual liberation in our generation must be to break through this imposed isolation and to share our experience with other gay people. (This, I understand, is one of the goals of CHIRON RISING.)

What do I mean by gay spiritual maturity? In his book on the spiritual journey of the poor in the base communities of South America, Gustavo Gutierrez, a Peruvian liberation theologian, took as his title a famous saying of the medieval monk, Saint Bernard of Clairvaux: "We drink from our own wells." Spirituality, Gutierrez writes, is like living water that springs up from the very depths of our own personal spiritual experience. The primary location of that spiritual experience for us who are gay is our experience of deep, intimate gay love. "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and he who loves is born of God and knows God. He who does not love does not know God; for God is love" (1 John 4: 7-9). Consequently, each of us can have a direct and unmediated experience of the spiritual in our own personal life of prayer and contemplation, especially in our experience of mutual love. And this personal experience is the only unpolluted water from which we gay people can drink.

All messages mediated to us by our Church, family or our culture are for the most part polluted waters, polluted by homophobia. Even scripture has been polluted by homophobic translators. For example, an obscure Greek word in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians (6: 9), *arsenokoitai*, which for two thousand years was translated as *catamites* or "temple prostitutes" (sacred male prostitutes used in sexual religious services) was suddenly translated as "homosexuals" in the American Revised Standard Version, and as "practicing homosexuals" in a more recent translation. This group is listed among those who "will not inherit the kingdom of God." Two thousand years later a word that Paul himself probably understood to designate a special kind of sexual worship of idols has been translated as though it consciously intended to condemn as evil, a loving sexual relationship between two persons of the same sex. In fact, the very word "homosexual" did not exist in Paul's day, but was invented at the turn of this century. Suffice it to say about scripture that nowhere in the Old or New Testament is there any condemnation of a *loving* sexual relationship between two men or two women.

How do we gays go about ". . . drinking from our own wells" in our spiritual life. There is an ancient spiritual discipline called: "Discernment of Spirits." The premise of this practice is the belief that God speaks to each of us directly through our experience and not just indirectly through scripture or spiritual authorities. The second premise of this practice is that God speaks to us directly, not primarily through our intellect, but through our feelings. To discern spirits is to listen carefully to our own hearts. If any action we undertake brings with it deep feelings of peace and joy and fulfillment, this can be interpreted as a sign from God that what we are doing is right for us. Conversely, if our action brings with it deep feelings of sadness, depression, anxiety and discontent, then that is a sign that what we are doing is wrong for us.

This practice of discernment has its foundation in scripture. At one point Jesus said to his disciples: ". . . it is necessary that I should go away in order that the Spirit come!" (John 16:7). What was that necessity? As long as Jesus remained present among the apostles, they had their center of authority outside themselves. They were trying to meet the expectations of someone else. They had not yet become fully creative and responsible adults. But with the death of Jesus and the coming of the Spirit, the apostles received a challenge as well as an opportunity to mature. They had to give up the security of a provident leader; they had to find what God wanted of them from within themselves and their own experience. It was only after the coming of the Spirit that the apostles found the courage to leave the security of their closet (the upper room) and go out into the world as responsible agents of the spirit. In like manner, in our spiritual life, we gays must pass from a passive dependent role to an active, creative role. We gays have a special need to become mature, self-motivated, autonomous people, no longer passively dependent on outside homophobic sources for a sense of our identity and well being.

What do psychologists mean by maturity? A healthy maturing process is the process by which we separate off from our dependence on parents, family and church and become autonomous adults making our own choices and taking responsibility for them. Maturity can be defined as the ability to live your life according to your own insights and feelings and no longer live in a continuous effort to meet the expectations of others.

A famous English child psychologist wrote: "Every child knows in its bones that in its wickedness lies hope; in its conformity and false socialization lies despair!" What Winnicott meant was that every child remains hopeful if it can be sure that it will still be loved and respected even when it does not conform to parental expectations. It has already despaired of life, if it believes that the only way that it will be loved is by conforming to the expectations of others and hiding the real self in a closet. Maturity for a gay person means coming out of the closet. Spiritual maturity means coming out of the closet with God. We must risk that we can be loved by God and our fellow humans just as we are; we must ". . . take a

chance on God."

On both the psychological and the spiritual level, maturity means the ability to discern what our true self is and to find the courage to act out that true self. This ability is at the heart of every twelve step program such as Alcoholics Anonymous. How often I have had a seriously depressed gay client come to me for therapy and tell a story of having fearfully hid in the closet for years. His coming to therapy was occasioned by the fact that he met someone and for the first time developed a relationship. In the affectionate sexual exchange that followed, he experienced the most profound feelings of joy, peace and fulfillment he had ever known. But the next morning, the old homophobic tapes implanted by family, culture and church began playing again in his head, telling him that he should despise and hate himself for what he did. He is tempted to cut off the relationship and go back to his old despairing closeted life style which usually involves compulsive acting out in one night stands while drunk. How difficult it can be sometimes to get that client to discern spirits, listen to his feelings and realize that God is saying something to him directly through those feelings of peace, joy and fulfillment and, conversely, through the negative feelings of sadness, depression and compulsive acting out. My hope as a therapist is that eventually my client will be able to distinguish between his healthy gay needs and the pathological need to try to deny and repress his gayness. Gradually he should learn to make his gay needs egosyntonic. In other words, he should learn to accept and go with them and gradually lessen the power of the negative homophobic tapes in his head to control his life.

In the words of a famous fourth century Father of the Church: "The Glory of God are Humans fully alive!" That includes being sexually alive. The glory of God for a gay man or lesbian is to be fully alive as gay or lesbian.

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HEALTH

AIDS

The San Francisco Health Department, no doubt disturbed over the fact that gay men were beginning to enjoy themselves, now says it has documented the first two cases in which men have become infected with the AIDS virus through oral sex. They say their findings now cast doubt on the belief that the practice is safe. And just what are these revelations? According to City Health Director Dr. David Werdegar, the findings came in the study of hundreds of gay and bisexual men that the Health Department has been conducting ever since the early days of the AIDS epidemic. Dr. Werdegar admitted, however, that the findings were based on interviews with the subjects rather than hard evidence, but stressed that they were "absolutely sure" the two gay men had contracted the virus through oral sex.

The research team headed by Dr. George Rutherford and Dr. Alan Lifson was so sure of its results that it was preparing to submit the findings to either the Journal of the American Medical Association or the New England Journal of Medicine, Werdegar said.

Now that the patient interview is an acceptable criterion for establishing scientific fact, we highly recommend that interviews with all those hundreds of people who claim to have been given physicals aboard space ships be written up in all the Medical Rags too.

QUALITY OF LIFE

People are living longer, but their quality of life during these sunset years is declining. Very often, seniors spend their aging years battling cancer, heart disease, arthritis and other debilitating diseases. Crippling diseases, long-term nursing care and financial ruin too often negate their dreams of independent living, travel and living the truly golden years. What makes this all so tragic is that it can be avoided so simply. Did you know that proper diet, exercise and changing some of our attitudes about aging can make the golden years a reality for the majority of seniors? Sure, you hear this over and over, but many of you do nothing about it. Why don't you sit down right now and imagine yourself crippled with arthritis or incapacitated by a stroke or heart disease. Now think of yourself as healthy, mobile and on your way to visit a hot number you met through C-R. Convincing?

Sedentary living destroys the quality of life. Scientific evidence abounds. Books on nutrition and exercise are everywhere. The only thing you have to do is listen and act. Exercise and Diet = Prevention. It's that simple.

SELF INDUCED CPR

According to Los Angeles television station KNBC's HEALTH FAX, medical science now says that people who are experiencing ventricular fibrillation can possibly avoid cardiac arrest by steadily coughing until help comes. Ventricular fibrillation is when the two lower muscles of your heart begin to twitch without coordination or effective pumping action. Until now, doctors have always said that, if cardiac arrest occurs while you are alone, it is always fatal. Even if someone is present, it wouldn't do you much good unless they knew how to administer CPR. Now, you can administer your own CPR, which could be even more effective than having someone do it for you. The doctor on the program stressed that one should not try this if he is experiencing the standard symptoms of a heart attack, such as chest pains, shortness of breath, etc. So, if your heart begins to flutter or beat irregularly and you feel yourself losing consciousness or your vision begins to lose its color, cough your guts out on your way to the telephone to dial 9-1-1. If you think you might have an irregular heartbeat, see your doctor.

SOME GOOD NEWS ABOUT AGING

According to ESQUIRE Magazine, a man becomes less sensitive to pain after the age of sixty and sweats less with age. His nearsightedness will improve with age too. His skin will age about ten years more slowly than a woman's (his skin has more oil, so it's slower to dry out. Shaving also helps strip away dead skin, leaving the face smoother).

If a man reaches seventy, the odds are that he'll live to see eighty. Diseases wreak far more havoc than normal aging. Physically, a healthy seventy-year-old has more in common with a healthy thirty-year-old than he does with an ill man of his own age. Seventy is the average life expectancy for a man, but that's only because accidents and disorders kill so many before then. A man who survives until his seventieth birthday, according to actuarial tables, will live eleven more years.

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A NEW CHAPTER OF PRIME TIMERS IS NOW FORMING IN TEXAS!!
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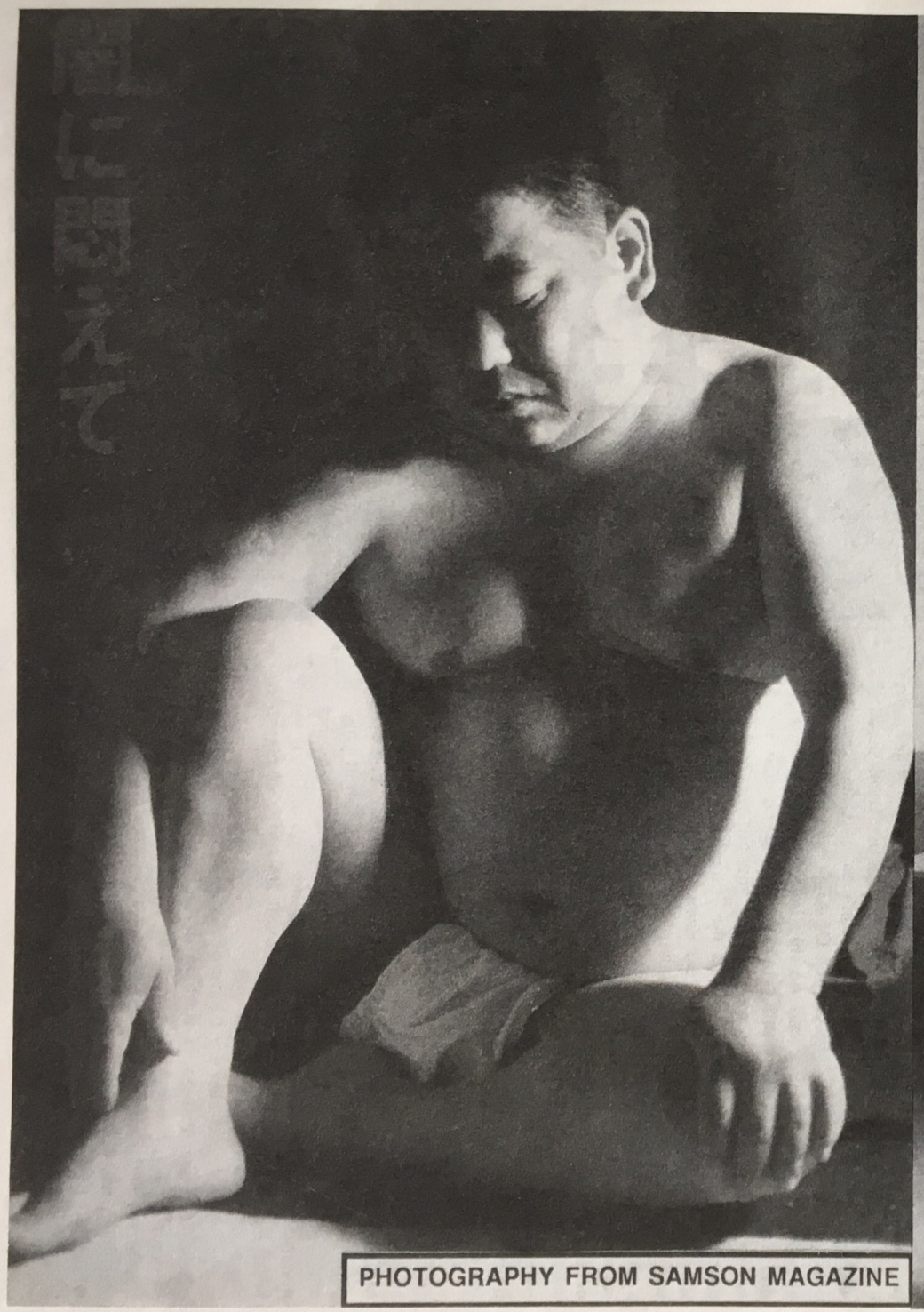


PHOTOGRAPHY FROM SAMSON MAGAZINE

COTTAGES
by RAY II

Cottages. That's what gays call gents' toilets here in England. If I remember correctly, you Americans call them rest rooms. Well, that quaint term has to have been invented by some prudish English Victorian gentleman! Of what I've seen in some American rest rooms the aforesaid gentleman must have been blind and deaf.

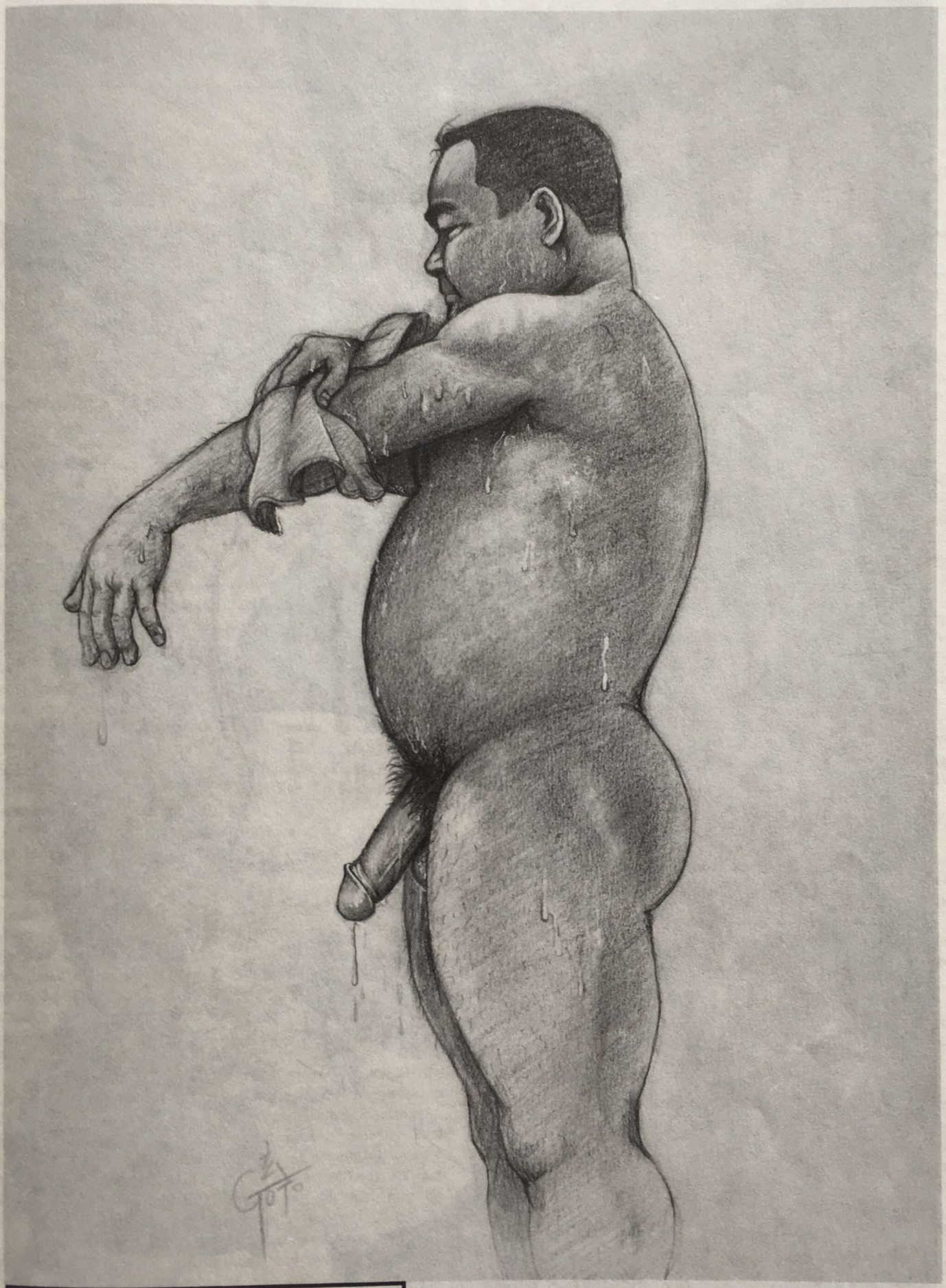
My home town is Plymouth (Mayflower, pilgrim fathers and all that), a naval sea-faring city to this day. The first time I "cottaged" was at an infamous sailors' pickup place. A lovely man in his 50s took me off in the back of his car. To this day he must have been surprised at who he'd picked up. Instead of the usual sailor who he could jerk off for small cash, he found himself with a young male who had been waiting for this moment for some years. Before he could suck my cock, I all but ripped all his clothes off him. He lay back in total disbelief as I licked, sucked and tongued his thick-set, hairy body from head to toe. I'd been waiting some time, fantasizing for this moment; I wasn't going to miss one inch of his mature male body. When I got out of the car and left him, he was still in a state of shock. We never met again, but that left cottaging in my blood.

When I met my lover, James, and moved to Liverpool to live with him, he introduced me to a new, more exciting cottage scene: a much rougher, tougher area of England with lovely rugged old dockers to try and pick up. The most infamous cottage in Liverpool was referred to as "Headquarters," where we met to discuss our latest conquests. Other cottages were locally known as "The Garden Of Allah," where everybody got on their knees to suck and worship lovely hard cocks. Then there was "Wheel Of Fortune," because it was circular like a roulette wheel, and if you were lucky, you got the cock you desired. My fondest memory is of the "Stainless Steel," called that for the obvious reason. I went there one cold, wet English wintery afternoon. Down the stairs, I witnessed the beautiful sight of 3 dockers, all in their 60s, dressed for winter in their scarves, top coats, and thick overalls--all unzipped with their fat cocks and heavy balls hanging out, a veritable feast for my eyes. It was freezing, but I stripped naked and had those lovely, rugged old dockers fuck my mouth and arsehole until I was filled both ends with their gorgeous, thick, tasty spunk. A day to remember indeed!

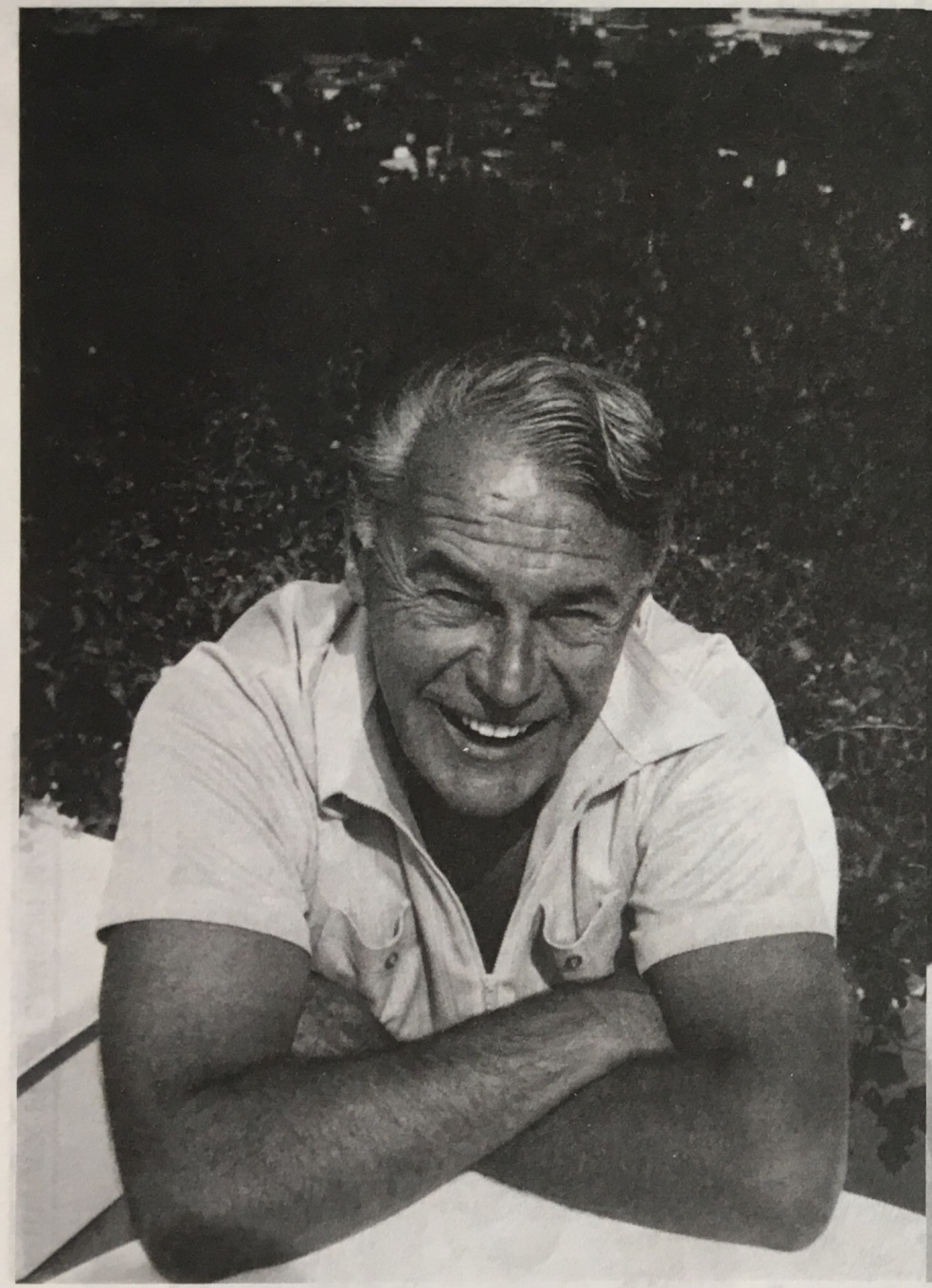
Now since the death of my beloved James, who died a few years ago, I live alone in sedate Bournemouth. Not a cottage scene like Liverpool, but it exists. In one cottage here, Monday through Friday, it is full of senior citizens. You need a pensioner's pass to gain entry, so the joke goes. Mind you, up and down this country at present, the police are having a massive purge on cottages. Many are being closed, but it won't last. The police will not win. There will always be cottages; we cocksuckers will make sure of that.

One good memory I have of rest rooms in America is of one on the beach at Santa Barbara in California. James and I stopped there for a few days while on holiday. I also love the beach, sea and sun, but James always was cottage crazy, so this was the perfect location. I spent the day lapping up the sun while he surveyed the rest room. He eventually picked up a man who looked like a slightly slimmed-down version of Burl Ives, so we left the beach and went back to the motel for a threesome. A great end to a special day. Picture me lying on my back with the man's fat cock in my mouth and James giving him a good long hard fucking, nearly suffocating me as I took the weight of them both. Absolutely beautiful!

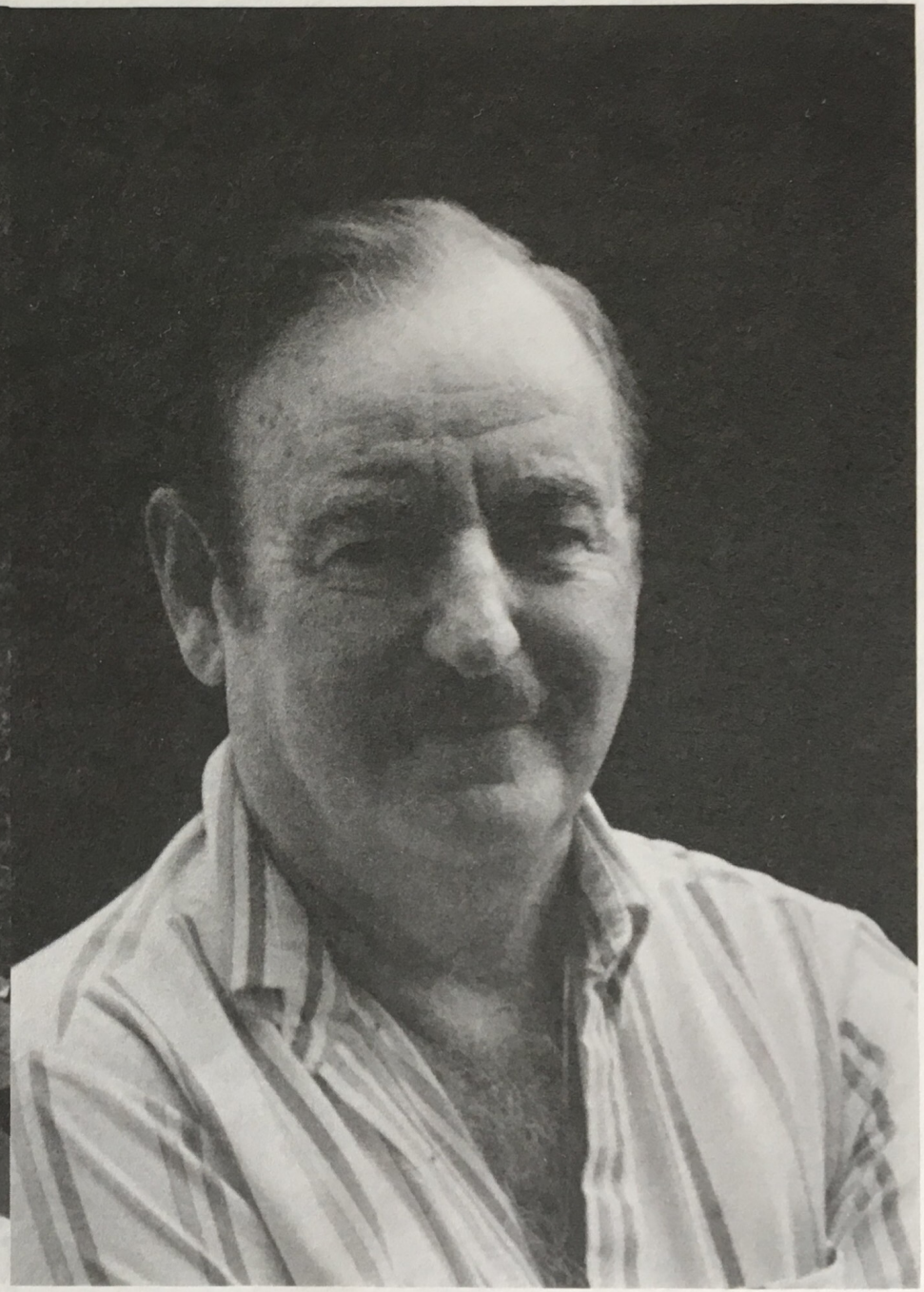
Call them what you will--cottages, rest rooms, shit houses, toilet. But the thrill and excitement of walking into one to find your dream man standing there, holding a big fat cock in his hand, is what it's all about.



ARTWORK FROM SAMSON MAGAZINE



DREAMER....self portrait



TOM DOLSON...photo by WAYNE HAMPTON

EVE'S ABOUT ALL
by KENN RICHIE

Harrington grew old? Overnight?

I'd aged about a dozen years myself in twelve years spent in my funky little garage apartment behind the main house, but Harrington did it suddenly. I was startled, and failed to recognize him at first when I went to check my mail and spotted him in the yard, apparently searching for something. His hair was grey, what little there was of it. Yesterday, it had been a full crop of chestnut brown in a sort of modified Elvis look.

Some strange variation on the story of Dorian Grey had always flashed through my thoughts when I said hello to my neighbor, Mr. Harrington. Year after year, I'd shake my head over his perpetual youth as I watched my own face and body accept the markings of time. Now and then, I suspected some mystic curse had me doing his aging for him. Perhaps the fact that he rented the sunny front apartment of the converted old house, while I was strictly back yard, next to the dumpster, had something to do with it.

I'd never gotten very friendly with Harrington. Southern California neighbors rarely get acquainted unless an earthquake puts them all on the front lawn with little else to do but finally introduce themselves. Still, in twelve or more years, we'd accidentally learned a few things about each other. We met once at the supermarket check-out stand, for example, and he offered me a ride home. He examined and commented on my selections of one pork chop and one artichoke, then reached a brilliant conclusion that he proudly announced, "You live alone!" I remember another revealing occasion. I happened to be in the yard when he took his trash to the dumpster. One of his friends called after him, down the driveway, shouting, "Eve! Eve!!" He'd blushed, stumbled and dropped his 'HeftyGlad' to hurriedly explain that some of his friends called him that because of his name being Harrington. Yes, I'd seen the Bette Davis movie, hadn't everyone?

Harrington's place was also a single, but he didn't appear to ever live alone; there was always a 'guest.' The second party seemed to change every few months, and, on the two or three occasions when I happened to be introduced, they were called 'friends,' never 'roommates.' I rather assumed they were lovers, but I had no certain knowledge of that, and it clearly was none of my business. I'd had a few 'guests' and 'friends' over the years that Eve had surely seen coming and going, so he, no doubt, had his assumptions about me as well. What did it matter? We were entirely different 'types.' He had always been the flashy dressed, forever youthful swinger, while I simply grew quietly older every day.

I was in the bath tub when there was a knock on the door, so I stood and poked my head out the window, wrapped in the shower curtain, to call around the corner. It was Harrington, sounding so downright distraught and upset, that my first thought was of fire or a Martian invasion or something worthy of such panic. It turned out that he was hysterical over the fact that I had seen him in the yard! "You saw me like this. How do I look? You've got to tell me how I look!"

"Okay," I answered with puzzled assurance, although some shampoo suds were dripping into my eyes to prevent a real inspection.

"No, I mean. . . I didn't mean for anyone to see me, but now that you have, I mean. . . Tell me I'm okay!"

"I just did."

"Tell me more."

"You look fine. Different, maybe, but. . . Ahm, look, I'm in the tub; give me a minute to get out. The door's open, come on in and you'll find a kettle on the stove. There's instant coffee, or you can find tea bags on the shelf. Fix me a cup of strong black coffee, and whatever you like, and I'll be right out."

"Yes, right," he agreed, then scurried around the corner muttering, "with my nerves right now, I just don't need coffee, but. . . "

I managed to get myself rinsed and dried without howling with laughter, but I was unable to determine how I should respond to his plight. He was concerned about his looks, obviously, but the fact that I'd seen him--unprepared, so to speak--seemed to be doing something to his emotion stability! I wanted to respect his dignity, which meant respecting his panic, yet I found it so ridiculous that I doubted I could. The man was truly upset, VERY upset, and I was faced with the challenge of trying to take him seriously when I already wanted to scream with laughter.

The notion of embarrassment did a quick, quirky reversal when I realized I hadn't brought a change of clothes nor a robe to the bathroom. I hadn't expected company, after all, and had actually planned a naked lounge-about watching television. The best I could do was to tie a towel about my middle, a costume that reminded me of some good old days at the 'tubs' many years ago.

"Oh, my God, how old are you? I never have known your first name. Isn't that funny. All these years and we've never really met."

"You start out asking my age? I mean, don't people usually meet and get to know each other before they get too personal?"

"Not these days, but I'm sorry! You've got to forgive me, I'm in such a state right now, I don't know what I'm saying. It's just that your body. . . You look so much younger than I'd thought. Actually, that's not helping me right now."

"I'm fifty-seven and you should know my name. It's on the mail box. Lou."

"Fifty-seven? Oh, my God!" As if the information had been another knockout punch to the guts, he stumbled for small talk with, "I found one bag left in that herb tea box. I hope you don't mind. . . "

"No, of course not," I laughed, gesturing him to be seated, for fear his upset pacing would wear out what frayed carpet I had. "Now, what's so awful about being fifty-seven? I enjoy being fifty-seven."

"But, I'm going to be sixty next Friday," he wailed, plopping into the chair and spilling herb tea and tears to stain the carpet anyway.

"Congratulations. Many happy and all that."

"My. . . ahm, 'friend' went out of his way to remind me last night. My EX friend, that is. He was out of my house and out of my life before dawn, that's for certain. He said he didn't want to be seen with me in public if the word got out that I was sixty. I had no intention of telling anyone THAT, but I wanted to have just a little party, and he refused because he thought it might leak out somehow. Then, he said I'd lied about it when we met, and I hadn't. I just never mentioned it, that's all. It isn't a lie if you can manage to look younger, then you carefully never say anything to give it away, is it?"

"I dunno," I mumbled, gazing at the patterns of light that danced on the surface of my coffee, avoiding the expression of desperation seated opposite. "What's wrong with sixty and looking it?"

"I don't! Oh, tell me that I don't! I came outside this morning because I had to. I didn't think anyone would be around. I risked coming out with absolutely nothing on, but the way you looked at me!"

"I was a little surprised," I confessed. "But, if you'd really come out with NOTHING on, then, maybe I'd have given you a LOOK."

"Wha. . . Oh, this? I just grabbed the first pants and shirt I could find. I wouldn't have even opened the front door if I hadn't hoped I could find my . . . "

"Your what?"

I could tell that he wanted to continue, but needed to hesitate. "My *friend*," he began, emphasizing the word to sound like the worst of insults. "My EX friend made some remarks about my . . . ahm . . . Oh, what the hell, about my . . . ahh. . . hairpiece. I ended up throwing it at him. Well, the damned cat must have thought we were playing, or that it was a flying mouse or some sort of beastie, and the next thing I knew it was sailing out the window with four paws and a tail propelling it to God knows where. You haven't seen it anywhere in the yard, have you?"

"No."

"It's probably ruined, but I've got to wear it at least to get to the shop to have a new one fitted!"

"So, that's why you were in the yard like the Emperor with his new clothes." I nodded, amazed and strangely proud of myself for not howling.

"I haven't put a face on; I'm not wearing my tummy -tugger . . ."

"I'm sitting here biting my tongue off trying not to laugh," I announced calmly.

"Well, don't injure yourself!" It took him a moment, but he did manage to recognize the truth of it, if not the humor. "Oh, go ahead and laugh," he pouted. "Everyone should get a good laugh out of my total destruction. Just don't let any little girls from Kansas throw water on me."

"Can't you laugh yourself? Oh, c'mon, you've got to admit this is all rather silly."

"Not if you want to get along in that . . . world out there," he argued. "The tension when you're trying to have a good time is bad enough. Sometimes it slips out at a party that you remember hearing about Pearl Harbor on the radio, and you have to cover it quick or they'll burn you at the stake!"

"For what crime?"

"Old age," he moaned. "The unforgivable sin of reaching sixty."

"Who pronounces these sentences?"

"You know them," he moaned. "They grew up with everything wrapped in plastic. They lie in wait for you at the bars and at parties, hoping you'll let something slip, like 'milk bottle,' or 'ice box' or 'penny candy.'"

"Why do you hang around younger men? What's wrong with guys your own age?"

"Because guys my own age are either doing the same thing I do, or they've all run away to hide somewhere. Besides. Why do you say 'guys?' I thought I said 'people.'"

"Oh . . . Well, I . . . I dunno," I blushed.

"Well, that's Eve Harrington for you," he sighed. "Clever as can be at hiding being a bitch, but everyone sees through her sooner or later. This morning's really been my later. Not only sixty, but gay and sixty! That cat's out of the ba . . . aah, I don't want to hear the word cat right now. Gay and sixty. The only role left to play is the flaming old Auntie, and I'm not that type!"

"If you're like this at sixty, you're going to be a mess at eighty."

"And, I will, of course, only the good die young," he wailed. "Oh, I'll survive. I'll get a new hairpiece, and . . ."

"When you knocked at my door, it sounded like you wanted to be assured that you were okay just as you were. You are. You're a fine looking, handsome man."

"Oh, what do you know? You're only fifty-seven."

"I guess I wouldn't know," I agreed. "I've never tried to hide my age. It never occurred to me that I should be ashamed of it."

"I'm not!" He rattled the tea cup with his insistence, but mellowed to admit, "I'm not really, but all those plastic wrapped things out there insist on it."

"Oh, I don't know," I smiled. "I've enjoyed the company of a number of younger men in the last few years--men who enjoy the wisdom and experience of an older man."

"Oh? Well, there's the cat out of . . . Damn, I DON'T want to think about cats!!! Oh, I guess I've always rather suspected you were. I don't think I could have come and let my hair down if . . . Oh, HAIR! What hair?! I don't even know you very well, but there isn't anyone else I could ever talk to this way!"

"Whose fault is that? If you keep trying to fit in with your 'wrapped in plastic' crowd, how can you make any real, lasting friends? If you're under a constant tension that you're going to be unmasked, how can you ever be comfortable? I don't put myself through all that. I'm very content and very happy with men my own age."

"You're only fifty-seven," he pouted.

"Well, nah nah nah," I laughed, taking his cup and my own to the kitchen, asking in a gesture if he wanted more. He declined, but the movement prompted him to stand, and I could see his nervous, cautious yet courageous willingness to look at himself in the mirror. By the time I returned to the room, he was patting his silver hair about his temples and asked, pleadingly, "You really think I'm not too bad? Maybe with just a little bit of wrinkle cover, and in a dark enough place, you think I could pass for late forties?"

"I think you look sixty," I answered. "A very attractive sixty."

"Ohhh?" His eyes moved from mine as reflected through the mirror, checking his body. "I still need my tummy tucker."

"My Mommie had a REAL girdle with bones in it," I teased, "and I don't remember penny candy too well. It was rationed because of Hitler, and bubble gum was like finding gold!"

"Oh, stop! Oh, please! Someone will hear you. They'll catch us!" He finally managed to laugh over this, a carefully controlled little chuckle that relaxed him to some degree. I could see why he felt exposed without his "tummy tucker." "Outcasts and traitors talking conspiracy," he acknowledged.

"My young sex life was always like that," I sighed. "Everything had to be secret, not just age. Maybe the fact that these kids today don't have to hide being gay; they never knew having to be afraid it might slip out and they'd be victims of prejudice and discrimination . . . and worse. Maybe because they never knew that, they don't realize the hurt they dish out to guys who are older, or not as good looking, or have small dicks, or whatever. But, you've got to look at it this way too.

The very thing that gave those younger ones the freedom was the guts it took for a lot of us to come out of the closet and stop pretending, stop hiding our real selves."

"Talk about ingratitude," he mumbled.

"So, maybe we need to do the same thing about age."

"You think I'm some sort of a closet case for wanting to hide it and try to look younger?"

"In a way," I smiled. "If we came out of closets about being gay, it seems pretty asinine to climb back into them about being older. Men our age have been paving the way for that mass of baby boomers all our lives, so why should we stop now? If all we're going to tell them is that they need toupees and wrinkle creams and girdles, we're not paving much of a path. It's up to us to show them how happy and full and rich gay life can be in spite of the way they treat us now."

"God. I think I want to make love with you."

"Don't go overboard," I laughed. "I'm so much younger."

"There, you see? You didn't even take me seriously because I look this way. If I'd had my hairpiece and . . ."

"Oh, Eve, Eve. San Francisco doesn't HAVE a Shubert Theatre. That was a stupid lie! That I should want you at all," I teased as I took his hand.

"Addison!"

"My name is Lou," I reminded as I began unbuttoning his shirt and appreciating the furry chest beneath. I was very nearly turned off when I got my face closer to it, and couldn't resist letting him know. "Your dark, hairy chest is turning white at the roots," I grumbled.

"Don't make fun. Please. Not now," he whispered urgently.

"But, why not? It is rather funny," I answered, pulling the sleeves of his shirt down his dangling arms. "We've been neighbors for well over a decade, and what does it take to get us together? Your cat flying out the window with what you've always hidden behind rather than . . ."

"I never thought you'd be interested."

"You thought of me as older. You were so busy trying to convince the kids that you were plastic wrapped too, that maybe you started thinking like them. You couldn't be seen with someone my age."

"If I did act that way, I was wrong," he said, tugging the knot of my towel free and letting it drop to the floor. "Oh, was I ever wrong about that!"

We kissed. Cautiously at first, a little confused by the suddenness, perhaps, and by the situation. It was probably the first time he'd kissed a man in many years without trying to pretend he was something other than the man he was. I'd never imagined I'd ever kiss the neighbor with the Elvis hair style. It was cautious as our lips met, but then, the pleasant touch took control and we HAD AT IT!

Ours wasn't a case of deep, committed love. It was simply two hot, horny men having great sex. In a sense, I felt that I was merely proving a point, yet, in another, I thought I was giving him the answer he'd sought when he'd knocked on my door. *Yes, you look terrific . . . you are terrific, even without your show of youth. No, ESPECIALLY without it.* I could never have kissed like this, nor tugged to open the pants of a man in a girdle and a rug!

The cat returned when it got hungry, but we never did find the hairpiece. But then, "Eve" never felt the need to wear one after that day.

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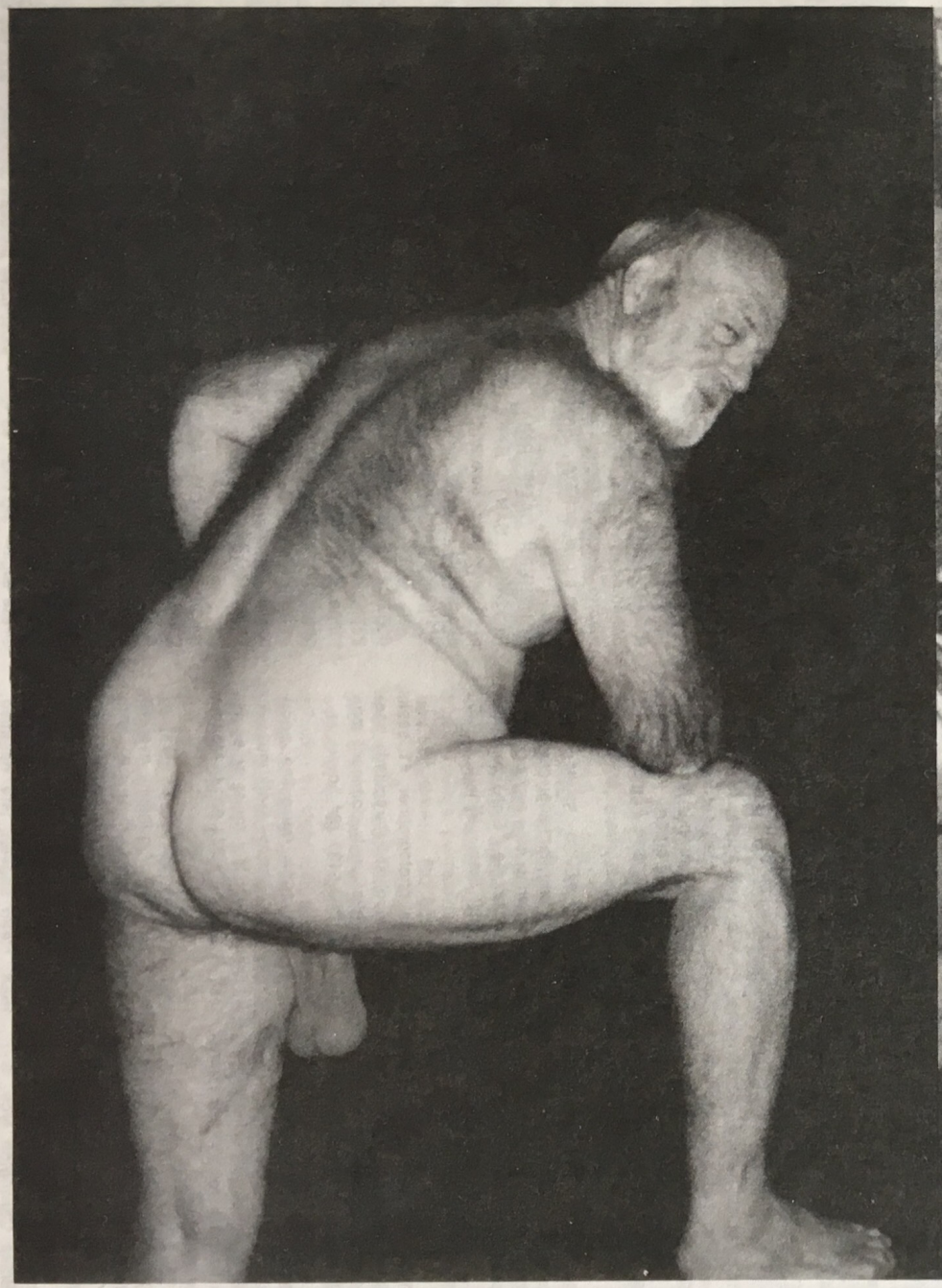
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KENT JUSTICE



THE COLONEL

THE BIKER

PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. CHIRON RISING takes no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from these ads and urges all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any ad which, in our opinion, implies deceit, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies to readers' ads.

Valid complaints about advertisers who fail to answer replies are compiled and abusers are denied advertising services.

The following are instructions for writing to advertisers with code words, which are in **BOLD CAPITAL LETTERS**, followed by NO address. Note: Write to models, artists and writers the same way.

1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter.
2. IN PENCIL, write the Code word or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.
3. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope and fully identify yourself in the return address. If you are a subscriber, include NO money. If you are NOT A SUBSCRIBER, include $1 for each letter you want forwarded.
4. Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

ALL RESPONDERS MUST BE OVER 18. THE EXCLUSION OF AN AGE LIMITATION IN ANY AD DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN INVITATION TO MINORS. THESE ADS ARE FOR ADULTS ONLY.

ALABAMA

(H-12/89) NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horny, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., P.O. Box 353, Tuskegee, AL 36083

ARIZONA

(H-12/89) TUCSON: To husky, stocky men over 55 only: Just moved to Tucson. I'm 55, 6', 250#, short gray/brown hair and a sincere lover of older men. Like to give oral sex. Live just off I-10 and if you are passing through, give me a call. (602) 623-0408, or drop me a line. J.R., P.O. Box 13624, Tucson, AZ 85732.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(M-12/89) EXOTIC GEM IN SAN FRANCISCO: 40, 5'-5", 160#, 7" uncut from India. Like movies, some opera, theatre, soft music, football and tennis. I'm successfully self employed, very considerate, clean, articulate, versatile (like 69 and A/P French), caring, loving; and wish to find a senior who is short/stocky, tall/hunky or big/broad. Willing to relocate anywhere. Write: Nari, P.O. Box 27182, San Francisco, CA 94127, or phone (415) 585-6585.

(S-12/89) S.F. BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: W/M, 60, 5'-11", 155#, moustache, fairly masculine, likes one on one kissing, hugging, caressing, etc., along with good versatile sex. Like manly, white men any age, size or shape, but prefer 40 to 70. Relocate to live with me. Good home life, garden, etc., but settle for local encounters until then. Write: J.R.S., P.O. Box 20331, Oakland, CA 94620.

(W-2/90) NUDE MODELS NEEDED: Professional photographer, 41, seeks CHIRON readers of all ages for quality nude studies. Particularly seek visual extremes, such as stocky, masculine daddies, ugly dominant tops, and submissive younger "chasers." Call (415) 227-5137 (24 hours).

(M-12/89) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 165#, masculine, good-looking, 6" cut, hazel/brown (balding, graying). Stocky, work-muscular body (24" thighs, 18" calves). Honest, like same. Not racist or ageist. Like to lie back for long sessions. Call Rich, (415) 771-6018, Monday thru Thursday ONLY.

(T-8/90) SACRAMENTO COUNTY BEYONDER: F.C. Algonquin, over 70, medically healthy, masculine, affectionate, endowed 7" uncut, fairly horny, nonsmoker. Loves pipe or cigar smoker. Romantic aspects: seeks friend any age, safe sex. Write: **THEO-JOS.**

(S-12/89) S.F. BAY AREA SILVER FOX: Quiet, interesting, attractive, busy, Blake Carrington type, 5'-7", 165#, clean shaven, HIV negative, white professional, seeks younger attractive Japanese, Asian, Caucasian interested in theater, opera, ballet, travel and world around him. Prefer age 30-45 (but I'm open minded), trim nonsmoker, light or nondrinker, no drugs, independent, into cuddling, affection, friendship, hopefully leading to sexual relationship. I'm not much for bars or discos, but enjoy social events, dining out and quiet dinners at home. If you can't cook, I can. Tell me about yourself and send a photo with your letter to: Doc, P.O. Box 14752, San Francisco, CA 94114.

(A-12/89) SF WIDE AREA: W/M, 58, 6', low-key, nice-looking, educated, sane, secure, health conscious, near 7 uncut. Relish cock pleasures with affectionate men, any age. Daytime fine. Creative nude squirming. Each answered. Travel New England, NYC, Philadelphia. Write: **LOON III** (Note to readers: Corrected from last issue. If you wrote **LOON** recently and never got an answer, try again, writing **LOON III**).

(A-12/89) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, HIGH SIERRAS: Active, semi-retired top professional, 59, 6'-4 1/2", 195#, blonde, blue, attractive, seeks younger counterpart graduate student or professional for safe friendship/relationship, occasional travel. No smoke/drugs; social drinking OK. If you're a nice, responsible person interested in the same, please write and send photo to: **VIKING.**

(R-12/89) BEEFY ITALIAN MAN SEEKS SHORT STOCKY MAN: GWM, 43, 5'-11", 205#, healthy, hairy, uncut, beard and moustache, masculine and fun loving. Loves lots of cuddling and hot safe Gr and Fr action. Seeks hairy, masculine, short, chubby man. Photo appreciated. Write: Tom Ribaudo, 56 Centre St. #13, Mountain View, CA 94041.

(Y-4/90) SAN FRANCISCO: Healthy GWM, 74, 5'-8", 160#, HIV neg., white hair, mustache. Like movies, theatre, travel. A/P French. Love cuddling, kissing and watching Porno movies. Nonsmoker and no drugs. Like to correspond and possibly meet guys 40-60. Write with nude photo and see what happens. Write: **YELLOWTHROAT.**

(S-2/90) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/MONTEREY-SALINAS: GWM, 68, 5'-11", 178#, white hair, mustache, HIV negative, masculine, avid F., perhaps G. Into videos, cooking, soft music, travel, prolonged sessions. Welcome mat to most, 30 to 65, be you white, black or latin. No drugs, no kinks. Will answer all. Write: **LEX.**

(B-4/90) BAY AREA BEAR HUNTING: 37, 6', 240#. Hairy S/M bear looking for other bear playmates. Love playing hard with full grown bears, 30 to 70, 230-400#, top, bottom, or both. KONDOH and URSUS MINOR are turn-ons. Photo and phone with reply, please. Write: **S/M BEAR.**

(I-2/90) OVER FIFTY? Asian, thirty something, is looking for a monogamous relationship with man over fifty which leads to lover relationship. Please write with photo (optional) to MRI, 326 Evergreen Ave., Daly City, CA 94014.

(L-2/90) ONE LOVE NEEDED: GWM, professional, young 50, 6', 190#, nonsmoker, social drinker, endowed--likes music, sports, outdoors, theatre, travel, friendships--seeks refined man, 65+, short, gray/balding plump a plus, healthy. Nude photo, please. Write: **STABLE.**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(H-12/89) SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 73 years old, physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a couple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 93022

(K-12/89) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SWAN/C-R MODEL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 225#, rugged, muscular, average endowment, partially bald with grey fringe, moderately hairy, non-smoking, light drinker, versatile/sane sex, good imagination, considerate, understanding. Love touching, massaging, walking, bicycling, wrestling.....caring. Looking for mature, masculine, stable, considerate, understanding man, any race. Your photo gets mine. Write: **ZORO.**

(M-2/90) COACH-DAD'S GUY: 38, 6', 185, hairy, 7" cut, former Marine and high school coach. This guy enjoys athletic/military type men, 50+. Pipe, cigars, tattooed and hairy, extra turn on. Pick up your clipboard and drop the coach your game plan. Write: Coach, 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

(S-12/89) SHORT STOCKY MAN SEEKS BIG MAN: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 230#, brown beard/moustache, masculine, good-looking, fun loving. Seeks eligible big bear, 45 to ?. Must have pleasant disposition and like to laugh. Photo appreciated. Will reciprocate. Write: **URSUS MINOR**

(S-4/90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: 50, 6'-3", 210#, blue eyes, brown/grey hair, hairy chest, masculine, A/P French, A/ Greek, discreet. Would like to meet, correspond, exchange photos with medium to husky built men, 45-70. Interests include: sports, movies, music, travel and photography. Travel a great deal on business, so possible to meet near you. Photo appreciated. Hairy chest preferred but not necessary. Write: **MANZANITA.**

(V-4/90) LONG BEACH SAGITTARIAN: GWM, 51, 5'-7", stocky, hairy, blond/grey. Look like and identify with RAM's cover of CHIRON RISING. Seek GWM who is younger, shorter, somewhat stocky, clean shaven, some body hair and doesn't drink or do drugs. Write: John Veith, 119 Orange Ave. #10, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(B-12/89) SEEKING SERIOUS YOUNG ADULT--NATIONWIDE: 57 year old lawyer in Palm Springs area, 5'-8", 190#, brown/brown, seeks serious young man to share home and life in Palm Springs year round resort area. Prefer 18-25, slim. I am loving, dedicated, stable, friendly, easy-going; active in community affairs; interested in wide range of sports and other activities, especially movies, plays; willing to help right young man get established. Prefer stable nonsmoker. Send letter describing yourself to: **BARRISTER.**

(H-2/90) WARM AND LOVING: Handsome, silver hair and very blue eyes, financially secure, 60, 6'-1" tall Greek/P gentleman. Seeks very loving, tall, Greek/A but gentle, experienced gentleman, 30-60, for very sexual but also romantic friendship or relationship. Please, no games, drugs, self-centered egotists. Warm human beings. Idealism and sex, dreams of reality and reality of dreams. Write: **DREAMER.**

(B-2/90) LA JOLLA: Bi W/M, 55, 6'-2", 210#, to meet/correspond with other horny compatibles. Any size, shape, color. A/P any sane sex that feels good. Love fondling, nudity, French and creative assplay. Mild kinks okay. W/S? Want friends, not lovers. Can meet in Arizona or Southern California. Write: H.B., P.O. Box 8376, LaJolla, CA 92038.

(R-12/89) LET'S GET TOGETHER IN CALIFORNIA: 55, look younger, GWM, 5'-8", 200#, looking for lover. Retired. Varied interests. Picture and phone # if possible. Love sex. Write: **BRUCE II.**

(D-12/89) SPECIAL PEN PAL! Because the Pen-is-Mighty, worthy of development and attention, join this eager writer of erotic essays in a new communication. Let's exchange fantasies by mail that create erection and self-enjoyment and when discovery leads to compatibility maybe we can meet and experience real One-on-One. I'm 5'-6", 145#, cleancut and cleanshaven, wanting a larger, retired military or cleric sort also born prior to 1935, an imaginative and intelligent nonsmoker who is equally responsible both hygienically and fiscally. Please write to: **PENN.**

(P-12/89) SAN GABRIEL VALLEY: Black male photojournalist, 33, 5'-7", 155#, well hung, clean, attractive, seldom drinker, nonsmoker, no drugs. Seeks white men, 50+, stocky and clean shaven. See my photo in C-R October 89 issue. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 903, Duarte, CA 91010-4903.

(M-12/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/BURBANK ROMANTIC: Mostly/mainly top seeks passive over 40. Am aggressive but gentle, 58, 6', 205#, 6 3/4" uncut, strong, hairy and into heavy kissing. Prefer hairy, under 6', under 7". Fone J/O and in person. Write: L.O., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(H-12/89) MATURE GENTLEMAN WANTED: Handsome Latin professional, 30, 5'-7", 140#, muscular, financially secure, seeks gentleman, 50 to 75 to share my life with monogamously. Prefer humorous, masculine, slim, alcohol/drug free guy. Photo please. No S/M or kink. Write: **QUARTERBACK.**

(G-2/90) LOS ANGELES/SANTA BARBARA: GWM, 60s, 6'-2", 180#, hairy body, 9" X 6" cut. Seek younger, in-shape guys with big cock, especially big, shaved balls. No smoke, drink, drugs. Photo please--mine in exchange. Write: Robert, P.O. Box 50836, Montecito, CA 93150.

(S-6/90) ORANGE COUNTY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-7", 180#, gray hair/beard, ex-professional athlete, seeks a real top, any age/race for friendship and more. I'm pretty basic--not much into gourmet cooking and the arts, but I appreciate those who are. Write: **DARRYL.**

(B-6/90) RELATIONSHIP ORIENTATED/NATIONWIDE: Attractive, masculine GWM, 6', 160#, brown/brown, moustache, HIV negative, 61 (looks younger), straight acting, cultured, domestic, sexually versatile, seeks white, tall, lean, literate, very masculine, well hung, authoritative gentleman over 60. Retired career military, epicure are pluses. Happy to relocate with right person. Write: Buckalew, 10622 Frances Ave., Garden Grove, CA 92643.

(B-10/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY SON, CALL YOUR DAD! Don't you think it's about time we messed around and spent some time together....eh, dude? Call: George (50, 5'-9", 210#) - (818) 881-5024.

(W-4/90) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 185#, hairy nonsmoker, light drinker, salt-pepper bearded, stocky, balding, nudist bottom, A/P French, cut. Seeking slimmish, younger, any race for long term monogamous relationship. Relocation in Southwest possible. Loyal, loving, sharing. Your letter, nude photo/phone gets mine. No inmates. Write: Gene, P.O. Box 74150, Los Angeles, CA 90004.

(W-12/89) LOS ANGELES/SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Wanted: 70 year old (at least), kind, considerate, preferably dentured. Me: mid-fifties (look years younger), blue eyes, blond (thinning), 6'-2", 225#, well educated, well travelled. Phone (evenings, late): George at (213) 396-8510.

(F-12/89) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Masculine GWM, 60, 5'-11", trim, dark brown thinning hair, mustache, green eyes, hairy, nonsmoker, whose interests include ghost towns, architecture, museums, classical and theater organ, anthropology and travel. Seeks healthy, trim, hairy intellectual who is sexually more passive than active and who is loving and considerate. Write: **CAMPUS BEAR.**

(M-12/89) ORANGE COUNTY: White male, 55, 5'-11", 190#, looking for quiet, masculine person. Looks and race not important. Be sincere, not just looking for a sexual encounter. I want to share your life, not just your bed. I am in a relationship which I hope to end if I meet the right person. I am HIV negative, tend to be passive. I'm employed and have my own home. Please, only local counties reply. Will welcome those with little experience in this area and will answer all replies. Discretion a must. Write: Bill, 12103 S. Brookhurst, Suite E 172, Box 3065, Garden Grove, CA 92642.

(B-12/89) LOS ANGELES: Hot WM, 45, 6'-4", 195#, seeks mature, well-hung topman or couple for 3-way. Also like 69. See photo of DUTCH in previous issue. Write: Gene, P.O. Box 2754, Hollywood, CA 90078.

(K-12/89) PALM SPRINGS: 54-year-old, 6', 180#, brown balding hair, blue eyes, seeks a younger man for friendship, a relationship and a housemate. I do enjoy life, thus the desire to spend my time with a younger man! I am fun to be with, yet caring, liberal, and so sincere. If interested, please write about yourself and I will respond. Write: S.J.K., Box 8642, Palm Springs, CA 92262.

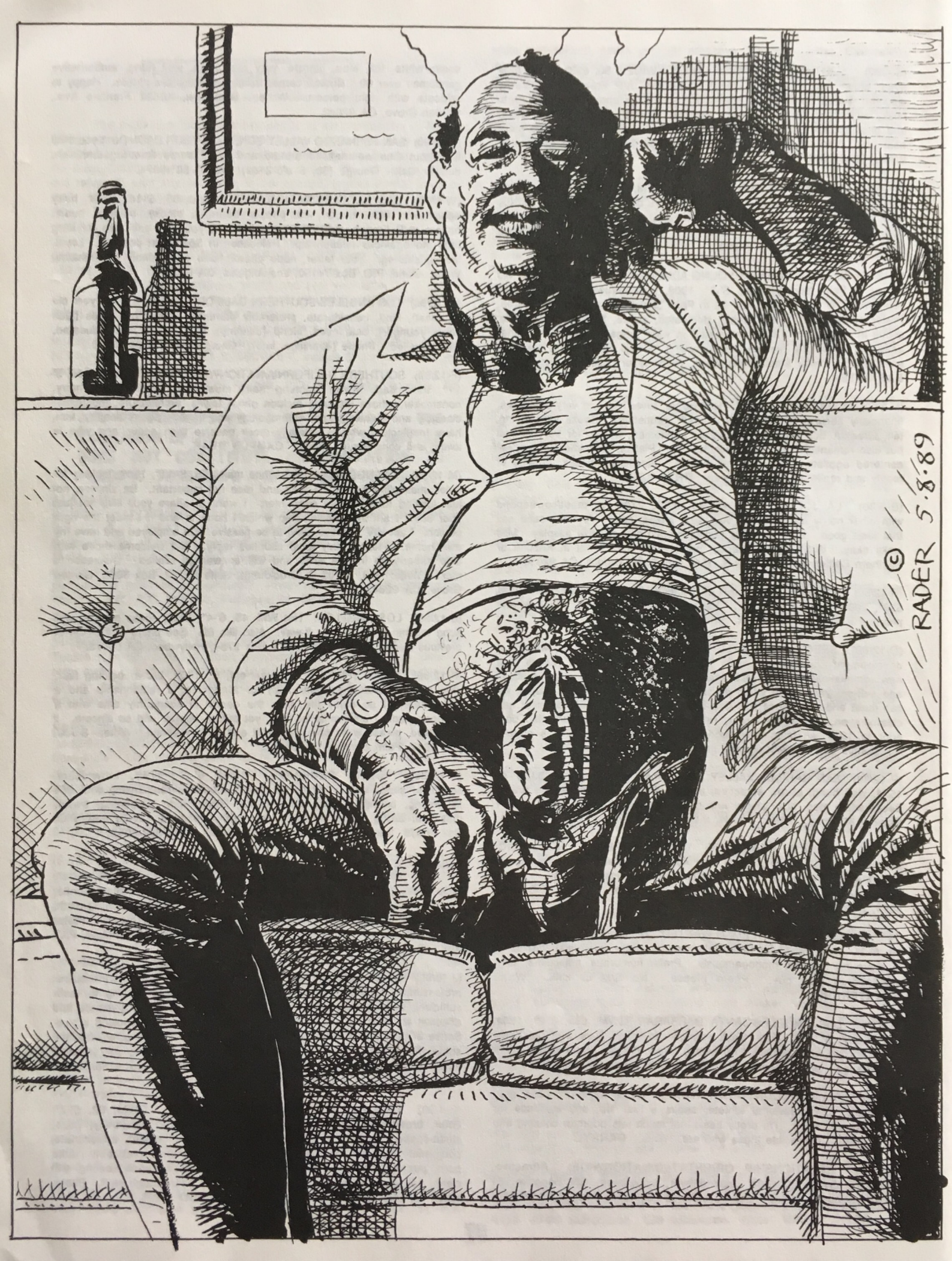
(V-12/89) SANTA BARBARA: GWM, 6'-1", 175#, brown/blue, sensitive, sane, slim, smooth, 59, seeks friendship/relationship with 35+ for loving, caring. Enjoy quiet times, home, film, gardening, travel, massage, biking, hiking, loving. Let's talk/correspond. Write: Al, P.O. Box 30676, Santa Barbara, CA 93130, or call (805) 682-6045.

COLORADO

(P-2/90) BOULDER DAD WANTS SON: GWM, professional, 66, 5'-11", 185#, blond/grey hair, blue eyes, medium hairy, uncut, educated, gentle, caring, honest, responsible, straight appearing, inter personal growth, loves buns, frottage. Wants son: 21-35, lover, friend, escort. Prefer trim, no drugs, penpals nationwide. Photo appreciated. Write: Leo, P.O. Box 539, Boulder, CO 80306.

(J-10/90) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, mid-50s, healthy, masculine, professional, balding gray, 5'-8", 140, thick 7" uncut, looking for self-sufficient, sincere, masculine, younger man who needs the guidance and affection an older man can provide. Interest in music and cooking a plus. Sense of humor and seeker of good times a must. Smoking, alcohol and some kink okay. Like massage and nudism. Looking for possible relationship, not a penpal. Photo appreciated. Write: Bob, 4 Studio Pl., Colorado Springs, CO 80904. (719) 632-8909.

(B-4/90) COLORADO/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 62, 5'-7", 200#, brown/grey, blue, glasses, 6" cut, 46" hairy chest/belly, pecs, clean-shaven, masculine, clean, presentable, pipe smoker, affectionate, congenial, versatile, discreet, retired professional, travel/host. Like porn, puzzles, petting, French A/P. Seek correspondence/meeting with clean, amiable, honest, mature gentlemen. No beard/rough stuff. Photo. Write: Jimbo, 8356 W. 90th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80021.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CONNECTICUT

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(C-12/89) YOUNGER MAN WANTED, 35-45: GWM, 63, 159#, Litchfield County. Interests: Motorcycles, sex, old cars. No drugs. Winter in Valucia County, Florida. Picture and phone number if possible. Write: **B.M.W.**

FLORIDA

(B-4/90) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1",155# and 64, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857.

(J-2/90) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 40, 5'-11", 195#, searching for honest, sincere, warm and affectionate, husky or heavyset, masculine senior to share pleasures, passions and life. Write, with photo please: Jackson, P.O. Box 2072, Marco Island, FL 33969.

(G-10/90) NATIONWIDE: Retired gentleman past 60, Miami area, 5'-7", 150#, brown/gray, seeks serious MAN, 25 to 45, masculine, slender, to share home. I am loving, dedicated, stable, and enjoy movies, boating, cooking, travel. Prefer nonsmoker. Foto and describe yourself. Write: C-R Reader, P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33181.

(L-12/89) ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME? The evening of the 4th of July, I spent alone. Have you ever been alone? If you are a GWM in his 30s and want to be loved and love, and be lonely no longer, contact this GWM in his 50s. If you don't answer this ad, you will never know whether I'm the one person you have been looking for all of your life. What the hell do you have to lose? Let's exchange photos. Write: **BILL.**

(C-12/89) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: Come fly with me to Camelot, be wined and dined and adored by a 64 year old, 6', 185# dude. Gray hair a plus. This offer applies only from Friday nite to Monday morning. Write: C-R Reader, 3033 N.E. 20 Terrace--East, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33306.

(S-2/90) GWM SEEKS BM, OM, OR "ALL-AMERICAN BOY" GWM: I'm 55, 5'-9", 165#, enjoy homelife, travel, gym, horses, shows, movies, active life, good sex, and more. RELOCATABLE. Prefer 18-35, monogamous, nonsmoker, straight appearing, caring, and sharing mate. Photo appreciated. Write: R.S., P.O. Box 150271, Cape Coral, FL 33915.

(S-12/89) CENTRAL FLORIDA: Couple, 59, 5'-11", 230# and 58, 5'-11", 220#, seeks clean, discreet GWM singles or couples for friendship and/or sex. Stocky, affectionate, masculine types. No drugs or S & M. Prefer nonsmokers. Write: **TEDDY.**

(K-12/89) CENTRAL FLORIDA: WM, age 42, 5'-11", 200 solid pounds. Looking for someone over 50 years of age to become special friend. Write: **COUNTRY.**

(S-2/90) FT. LAUDERDALE/WORLDWIDE: GWM, 59, 5'-11", 165#, grey/hazel. Seek correspondence, possible meetings with sincere, honest males any age or race. No drugs or freeloaders. Hobbies include travelling, gardening, cooking, XXX videos. All answered. Photo--preferably nude--appreciated. Write: **QUIET.**

(J-2/90) KEY WEST SON SEEKS DAD: ME: GWM, 30, 6'-4", 220#, thick 8 1/2" uncut, handsome. YOU: GWM, 40-?, hairy, handsome, romantic, always horny, husky. Hung a plus and belly okay. Your photo gets mine. Write: **MECHANIC.**

(M-2/90) LONESOME FLORIDIAN: GWM, 64, 5'-9", 245# (and losing) brown eyes, balding gray hair. Interested in swimming, walking on the beach, gardening, cooking. I am affectionate, romantic, non smoker, social drinker. Prefer 35-55, straight appearing, average build, uncomplicated honest man. Write: Bob Miller, 1532 Overbrook Rd., Englewood, FL 34223-1624.

(R-12/89) DISCRIMINATION - NATIONWIDE: Writing book about gay discrimination in employment. If you have a story, write: Ricardo, 97 Tide St., Riviera Beach, FL 33404.

GEORGIA

(P-6/90) FATHER TYPE WANTED: (emotional, not financial) GWM, Dutch/American, 48 years old, 6'-2", 220#, semi-retired professional, financially independent, bilingual, greyish hair, smoke, drink socially, discreet, enjoy excellent way of living. Looking for a man's man, father type, hairy, stocky (not fat), 50-65 years old, boardroom-type, stable. Also, HIV negative, discreet and not afraid of mixed society and small talk once in a while. Likes to enjoy life with somebody in a healthy and honest way and not afraid to improvise on sexual behavior for the time being. Please write letter and send photo with clothes on. Not interested in the meat market, because there should always be some fantasy and romance left. Write: **OSPREY**

(D-12/89) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 39, 5'-8", 140, data processing professional. Looking for pen pals and making/meeting new friends. You 50+, hairy, stocky. Photo appreciated but not required. All answered. Write: **D.D.**

(S-6/91) YOUNGER THE BETTER: GWM, 60, 5'-6 1/2", 215#, seeks lover of gray haired, loveable, cuddly chubby. I love all races but prefer young, slim, sexy, affectionate Asian, Black, Latin. Gentle sex only. Travel anywhere extensively. Send photo. Write: **FPS**

ILLINOIS

(W-2/90) THERE IS SNOW ON THE ROOF BUT THERE IS FIRE IN THE FURNACE: Older Chicago chubbie (slightly over 60 and over 300 pounds) needs young chasers (30 and under). Lots of love for small chasers with big dicks. Like Tom of Finland types. Like lots of play and sex. Write: **MAGIC.**

(O-2/90) BIG BELLIED MEN: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 136#, 6" cut, muscular, blue eyes, wants to hear from well hung, heavy men. Your picture gets mine. Write: JNO, 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

(P-6/90) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, nonsmoker preferred--self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE.**

(L-8/90) HORSE WANTED: GWM, 6'-1 1/2", 200#, lanky 62 year old wants a 220# +, strong, heavyset playmate, any age, to horseplay, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, etc. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

INDIANA

(H-10/90) SOUTH BEND/NORTHERN INDIANA: GWM professional, 53, 5'-10", 150#, blue eyes, light brown hair, clean-shaven and attractive, 6" and cut, 32" waist, body smooth and well proportioned, health excellent. gentle affectionate manner, open and responsive. Enjoy cycling-swimming-music, moderate drinker and smoker. Safe sex important, but all forms agreeable, warmly considerate of the other's needs. Looking for sincere discreet younger friend and lover 20-40, with similar build and tastes, local or nearby, to visit and explore feelings together. Your pleasure is truly mine. Casual or deeper relationship, both welcome. Write: William Hunt, 1224 North Lawrence St., South Bend, IN 46617, or call: (219) 287-6954.

KENTUCKY

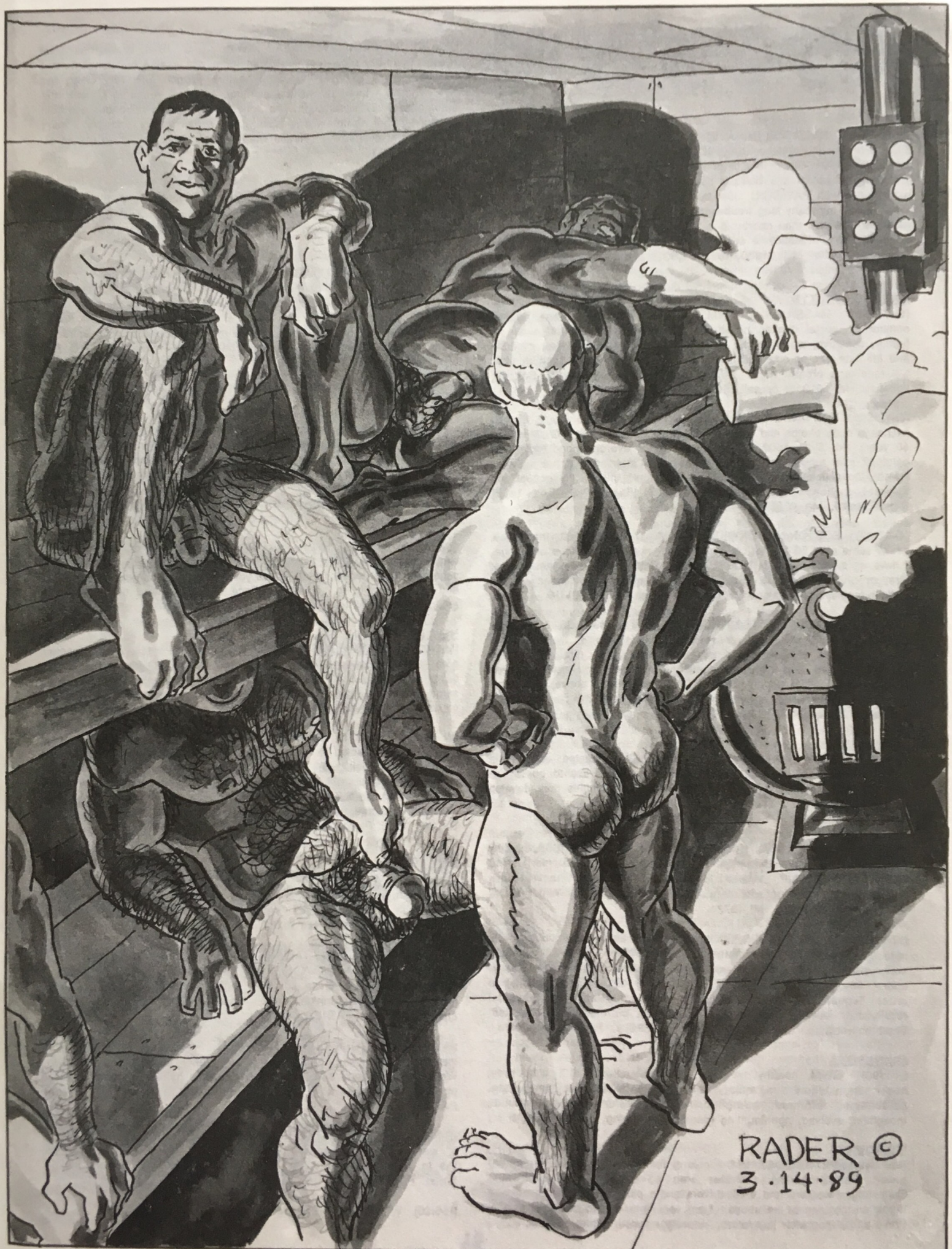
(H-12/89) TURKEY CREEK: W/M age 57, 5'-8", 200#, full head of dark brown hair, blue eyes, legally blind, read with magnifier. Looking for pen pals open minded enough to write handicapped men. Please write in broad, 1/2" block letters. Cannot read anything smaller. Write: Hugh Hampton, Rt. 61, Box 90, Turkey Creek, KY 41570.

(W-6/90) CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS: GWM, 72, 5'-11", 160#, cut, looking for kindred spirits young and old, likes cocks, kissing, cuddling warm male bodies in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40593, or call (606) 272-7193.

LOUISIANA

(B-12/89) LOUISIANA MAN, W/M, 27, 6', 190#: brown hair, green eyes, seeking 40+, the older the better. Like to hear from all nonsmokers interested in fishing, golf and music. Very versatile Fr/Gr, I like it all. Photo appreciated. Write: Rufus, Box 2135, Shreveport, LA 71162.

(L-2/90) NEW ORLEANS/GULF COAST: GWM, 64, 6'-1 1/2", 200#. Blue eyed, silver-haired, kind, affectionate, sincere, romantic gentleman seeking companion from 25 to 50 to share quite times and make memories. Write: Clint, 232 Pelican Ave., New Orleans, LA 70114.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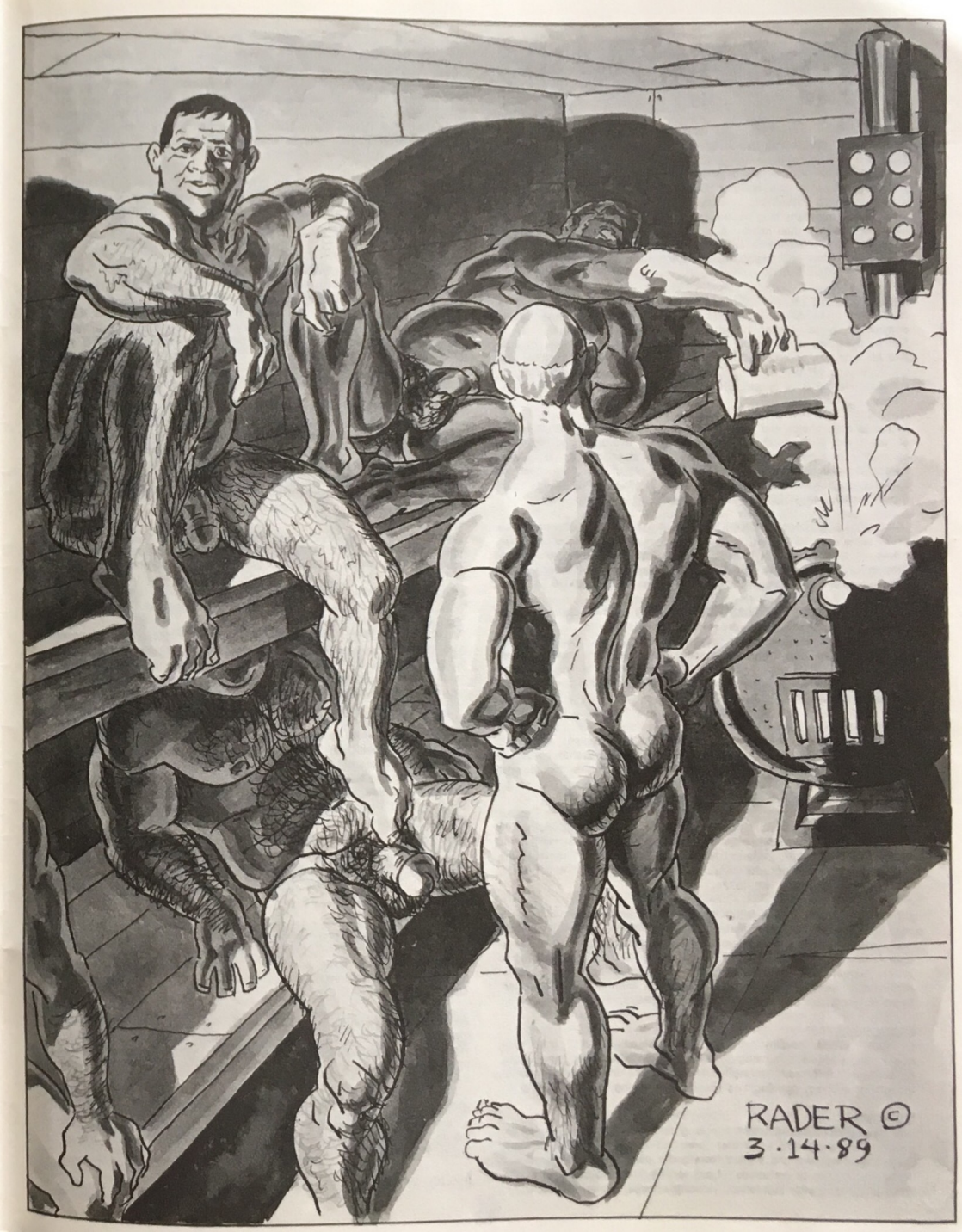
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(S-2/90) LOUISIANA: Retired professional GWM, 60s, 5'-8", 180#, seeks pen-pals, friends, sex partners, possible relationship. Versatile and active. Age and type unimportant if sincere. Write: Smith, 7640 LaSalle #201, Baton Rouge, LA 70806, or call (504) 923-1432.

MARYLAND

(T-12/89) COCKEYSVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, Blond/Blue, 6', 242#, professional. I have always looked and felt older than I was, and I love men 40-90+. I like board games, dogs (show, sport), the outdoors, German, computers and pen-pal correspondence. I too have had bad experiences with GAYMAIN. Just for fun, I can travel up to 400 miles to meet you on my many long weekends. I love country drives, but to have a relationship with a man nearby is a lot better. I gladly welcome pen-pals from anywhere. Please, no drugs or dishonesty. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030, or call (301) 628-0415. Will return all calls.

MASSACHUSETTS

(C-12/89) MASS/USA: GWM, 58, 6', 180#, excellent health, nonsmoker, social drinker, non-drugs, excellent education and sense of humor, sensitive, works in the arts. Seeks a similar friend for creative and intimate one-on-one activities. Recent photo and/or phone number will receive a prompt reply. Write: P.A.C., 1100 Salem St., Box 49, Lynnfield, MA 01940, or call (508) 531-0128.

(Q-12/89) PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence for safe fun with a GWM who is 40 years old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657.

(O-12/89) BOSTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 37, 5'-8", 150#, masculine, seeks same over 50 for hot correspondence, nude photo, video exchange. I have an original RANCH HOUSE video. Prefer hairy, heavyset bodies. Grey or white hair a plus. Bald okay too. Any George Kennedy, Leslie Neilson lookalikes? Looking for friend, not lover. Write: **BLUE**.

(C-4/90) MASSACHUSETTS/NATIONWIDE: Asian male, 35, 5'-9", 160# professional, athletic build, masculine. Likes sports, travel, foods, theatre. Seeks interesting and adventuresome GWM, over 45, who is spirited, creative, and independent acting. A plus if you are blond/grey hair, fit, Fr A/P, thick uncut, hot tits. OK if none of the above, if you can be friendly, humorous, a gentleman, masculine and can enjoy a nice massage. Write: **PAGODA**.

MICHIGAN

(B-2/90) CENTRAL MICHIGAN GWM, 50 YEARS OLD: Wanted: Someone in the Grand Rapids, Lansing, Detroit area who would like to go to the theatre, opera, ballet. Friendship first; other opportunities may develop as mutually desired. Younger man preferred, but all ages considered. Write: L.B., Box 48, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804-0048.

(Q-12/89) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 165#, healthy professional, seeks friends, penpals and eventually a relationship. Like to cuddle, kiss, Fr A/P. Varied interests. Prefer less heavy, more masculine and those not incarcerated. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724.

(W-12/89) METRO SUBURBS: Old-fashioned, handsome, educated, very masculine, athletic, affectionate, mature, GWM, 32, 6'-1", reddish-brown, blue, 195#, varied interests: seeks stocky, masculine, classy, stable, 50+, hairy chested GWM who has the desire (and capacity) to enter "equally" into a meaningful intellectual/emotional/physical relationship. Must be clean, honest, dependable, and monogamous minded. Photo appreciated. Sincere only. Write: **GENESIS**.

MINNESOTA

(A-2/90) GWM, healthy, youthful, lean, personable 60, black-grey, hazel, warm, sensitive, quiet, unobsessed, reasonable, temperate, personable, informed, straightforward. Seeks mature, genuine, thoughtful, evolved, non-flaunting friendship nurturing. Write: **ANDY**.

MISSOURI

(M-12/89) MID-AMERICA BM: looking for WM with desire for tender loving times together. Prefer men 45+, uncut with Bull-Balls. Construction workers and truck drivers are a plus. Please write anyway if you are not any of the above. I am very flexible, and desire to please. Photo and phone after first letter. Honesty a must! Write: **BANG**.

(H-4/90) KANSAS CITY AREA: GWM, 39, 6', 168#, brown hair, blue eyes. This very nice man is looking for a one to one but can entertain visitors. I'm a sexy, loving, Greek active, French A/P, very clean and HIV negative. Interests include painting, antiques, restoring houses and automobiles. Excellent cook, fine housekeeper, model railroader and quilt restorer. Looking for a 40+ nice guy. Prefer heavy / stocky / hairy type, but not necessary. Please write and send photo. I'll do the same. Write: **REDDY**.

NEVADA

(B-12/89) BIG DADDY LOOKING: GWM, 54, 5'-11", 250#, blond, hairy, crew cut. Wanted: small Latin/Asian/Oriental. Age unimportant. Loving, likes to cuddle, swim, boating. NO DRUGS. Write: **DUB**.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(P-12/89) MY YOUNG LOVER PLEASE ANSWER: GWM, 52, 5'-11", 180#, healthy, professional, balding, brown/grey, 6-1/2" uncut. Divorced after raising family. Ready to settle down, finally. Looking for self-sufficient young man who can become soul mate and friend. Prefer athletic type, into biking, hiking. Have my own house and guest room. Photo appreciated along with needs and background. Write: L.P., P.O. Box 3515, Manchester, NH 03105.

NEW JERSEY

(G-12/89) AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi/W/M, 5'-11", 165#, 61, HIV neg, thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body/buns, tactile and demonstrative. Erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped fringe. Dig submission and mind control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-6690; if recording, leave number.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27: NJ, NY, PA or CT man of any race who wants to meet a 6'-3", 245#, 51 year old, white-haired, sensual, WM sage. You'd get tender loving sex as you like it and knowledge of the world and your place in it. I have a place and can afford our travel and entertainment. Write: **OWL III**.

NEW MEXICO

(M-8/90) NATIONWIDE/SOUTHWEST: Lonely in small, rural, closeted area. Will exchange letters, photos, porn videos, JO ideas, hot phone calls. I am 62, 5'-7", 135#, wirey, outdoor tan, prefer men 50+ with same interests. No permanent commitments, just gentle love. Include phone number for fast reply. Write: EL PAISANO.

(W-12/89) HORNY IN SANTA FE: GWM, 42, 6'-1", 205#, brown hair and green eyes. Attracted to men who are 50+ who are masculine, muscular (or stocky) and well hung. I am French A/P and Greek P. I like classical music, traveling, and hiking. I am a nonsmoker/drinker and appreciate the same. Would like a Daddy or Uncle type to share mutual caring and great sex with. A letter and picture will definitely be responded to. Write: D.A.W., 708 E. Palace Ave. Apt. B, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

NEW YORK

(L-2/90) NEW YORK CITY: GWM, 6'-3", 270#, 36, husky, funloving man's man, would like to meet chunky men for sex and romance. All letters with photo answered. Write: Bob Daniels, P.O. Box 440, Wall Street Station, New York, NY 10268.

(D-12/89) ROMANTIC ITALIAN: 62, 5'-9", 160#, short silver hair, beard, into TT, F A/P, G/A, S/S, HIV neg., seeks very hairy, masculine, football player type, clean cut 50+, facial hair, enjoys theatre, beach, traveling, t.v. Non drinker/drugs. Uncut a plus. Photo appreciated, answer all. Write: **ARIES**.

(H-2/90) NEW YORK CITY-NATIONWIDE: Frenchman, 42, 5'-11", 175#, dark hair, moustache, artist, real estate broker, warm, caring, sensual. Wants to correspond and meet heavyset, white haired gentlemen. Large nipples, belly, rear a PLUS. Can entertain in New York. Write: **PARAKEET**.

(R-6/90) NEW YORK CITY/N.E. CONNECTICUT: GWM, 47 years, 220#, 6'-0", wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. I'm looking for men who like to be sucked and eaten, front and rear. W/S, Scat, turn me on. Write: F.R., Box 528, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(M-2/90) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: 39-year-old, 5'-10", 165#, warm, caring, cleancut, communicative and masculine, seeks white haired men over 55 for friendship and more. Will travel. Write: **TENO**

(R-12/89) BROOKLYN AFFECTIONATE BLACK MALE, 6 FT., AGE 60: HIV negative. I am sensitive and caring. Love to touch and cuddle. Seek chubby Black, Asian, Latin, Arab HIV negative, 10" plus long and thick, no fems, no drugs, no S & M, 55 to 65 for a long lasting relationship to grow together, safe and discreet. Send nude photo and letter to: **LONELY**.

(C-8/90) YOUNGER GUYS: are what I'm into, along with theatre, music, cooking and swimming. This personable Village guy would like to meet you. Write: **BRAD.**

(D-2/91) SEEK 40+ TOPMAN: 42 year old Italian bottom, hairy, moustache, 185#, 5'-11", looking to please masculine older topman with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**.

(Y-2/90) OLDER SEEKS YOUNGER LOVER: Relationship wanted with someone who likes country living. Should be between 30-45, thin or wiry, stable, masculine and want monogamous life. I'm 6'-4", 190#, 67, secure and believe in making and keeping someone happy. All kinds of interests. Love country woods, outdoors. Am retired. No phonies. Sincere and serious only. Write: CBY, Box 80, Ashgrove Road, Cambridge, NY 12816.

(L-8/90) SHARE A PAIR IN NYC OR FAIRFIELD COUNTY: Junior is 50, 5'-11", 180#, balding with close cropped pepper & salt beard, plus 8" thick uncut. Senior is 70, 6', 187#, silver fox hair, 6" cut. Have no age, ethnic or color hangups. Just seeking manly, well-endowed (hairy a plus), versatile partners who are Fr/Gr A/P guys. We're successful professionals who enjoy the good life. Photo/phone a must! Write: J.R., 118 Mountain Road, West Redding, CT 06896.

(P-12/89) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE: Middle aged guy, good build, bald, muscular, seeks friends. Write: John Preston, 125 E. 72 St., New York, NY 10021, or call (212) 744-7644.

(H-2/90) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/WORLDWIDE: WM, semi-retired business exec, financially secure, first time advertiser, nice features, in sixties, 5'-9", 235#, gray balding hair, blue eyes, masculine, healthy, clean shaven, young mind, heart, spirit. Nonsmoker, social drinker, no drugs, personable, discreet. While sex is important, true lasting friendship/companionship, total honesty, mutual respect, loyalty, supersedes all. Partial to Orientals/Asians, their customs, traditions. Also desire meeting ALL kinds nice people similar background, establish lasting friendship, hopefully much much more. Photo appreciated, write strict confidence: **SULTAN.**

(W-4/90) HAIRLESS PENIS WANTS HAIRLESS PENIS: Poor 48-year-old, white, 6', 150#, 7" uncut, has permanently hairless cock, wants well-situated daddy with hairless (shaved, neeted, plucked, permdepped--permanently depilated-- or buffed) cock. Write: **BALDCOCK**.

(F-2/90) RELATIONSHIP-PRONE: Furry, affectionate, GWM, 42, 5'-9", 170#, brown/brown, with 'stache, seeks smoother 50-60ish for friendship and romance. Enjoy theatre, fine dining, concerts, cabaret, much more. Pen-pals welcome. Write with phone/photo to: R.P., P.O. Box 2509, Times Square Station, New York, NY 10108.

OHIO

(M-12/89) NORTHERN OHIO: GW Couple, 46/48, both 200#, hung, big balls, both A/P French. Seeking mature, clean men with aggressive tongues, willing to explore. Cock rings, leather, light W/S. Write: B & J, Box 714, Cleveland, OH 44107.

(D-6/90) OHIO: Retiree, GWM, 62, 6'-1", 205#, hairy, healthy, seeks friend/lover to share Akron area condo and winter in Ft. lauderdale 2-3 months. Expense no barrier. Sports, boats, music, travel. Write: Tom Dolson, P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223, or call (216) 929-7225. See photo this issue.

OKLAHOMA

(R-2/90) YOUNGER SEEKS OLDER: Me: GWM, 39, blondish, smooth skin, heavy-set. I am a career oriented exec, as well as being affectionate and amenable. I would love to find a MAN, 55+ years, heavy-set, hairy body/balding head, very assertive and masculine. A paternal attitude is very appealing to me. Write: **BALLWARMER**.

OREGON

(B-12/89) PORTLAND AREA: GWM, 68 years young, looking for friendship in male sex, A/P French, P/Greek. Body size, weight, length not important. Good mind and outlook are important. Love touching, kissing your whole body, massage the right parts. Call (503) 241-7922, or write: Bob Bourg, 333 S.W. Oak #901, Portland, OR 97204.

(W-12/89) WEST COAST-NATIONWIDE: Seeks men who like lots of loving, touch, hugging and safe sex for mutual sharing and enjoyment. I am retired, 58, 5'-8", trim 160#, blond/blue, non smoker, Greek A/P, French P. Enjoy outdoors, ski, swim, theatre, movies, sharing. Can travel. Photo appreciated. Write: Bill W., P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area).

PENNSYLVANIA

(H-2/90) PITTSBURGH/NATIONWIDE GWM, 53, 5'-11", 235#: masculine, but submissive bottom seeks to service rugged looking, beer drinking, cussing, smoking, farmers, miners, military dominants over 50. Into most scenes. Travel difficult but not impossible. I know how to take care of my daddy/boss, Sir! Photo gets mine. Write: Bill, Jr., P.O. Box 592, New Kensington, PA 15068.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

RHODE ISLAND

(J-4/90) CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubby guys, over 250, any age to 75. Send photo to: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

TENNESSEE

(M-12/89) TENNESSEE/SOUTHEAST: GWM, 53, 5'-8", 160#, brown/balding, blue, moustache, hairy, healthy, nonsmoker, non drug user, masculine, outgoing. Interests include camping, music, travel, hiking. Seeking friends, possible monogamous relationship. Will answer all. Pluses are short stature, slight build, Asian, Latino, Native American, Gr/P, but not absolutely necessary. Write: **CLAYMORE**.

TEXAS

(T-6/90) COWTOWN COWBOY: White, blue, brown/gray, 54, 5'-11", 185#, businessman, horseman, masculine, weightlifter, HIV negative; likes white, over 40, masculine goodnatured buddy. Must be in good physical shape and clean. Not looking for lifemate but want to meet lots of new friends. I like sports, country-western big bands, classical, travel and good conversation. All replies answered. Those with phone/photo get extra quick service. Truckers, travelers welcome. Write: **BULLFROG**.

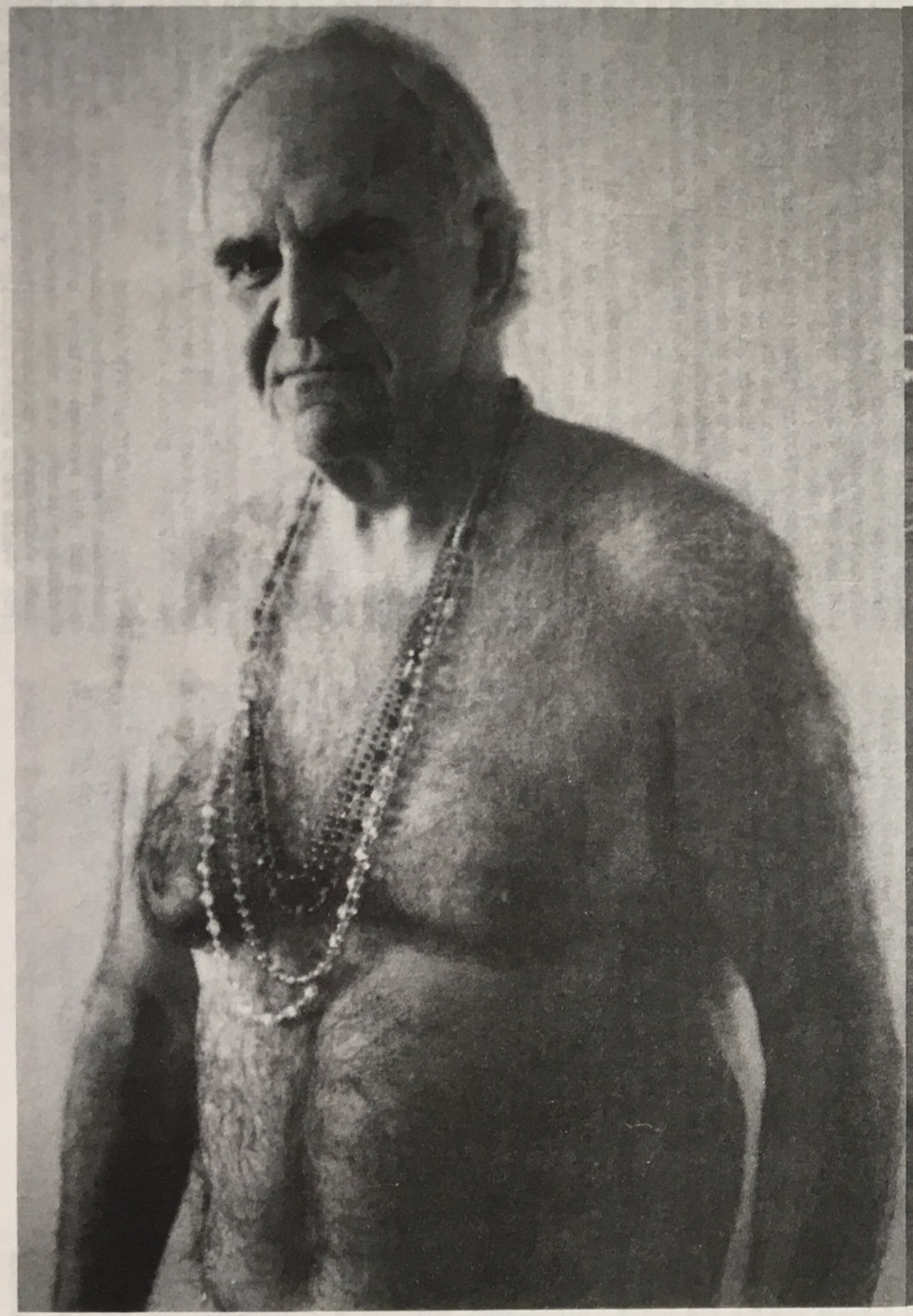
(B-6/90) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 43, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men late 50s up--no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards. Live with 81 year old lover--three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. Both HIV negative. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. Non smokers--social drinkers. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(T-12/89) NEW TO SAN ANTONIO: GWM, 32, 6'-1", 250#, beard, moustache, greying hair, large man all over, cut, versatile. Seeks masculine top, over 40, husky/beefy/stocky, friendly, loving and happy. Prefer hairy, well-hung, local man. Share/show me the area and enjoy each other. Mail welcomed. Photo appreciated. Write: Mr. L.T., Suite 227, 14074 Nacogdoches, San Antonio, TX 78247.

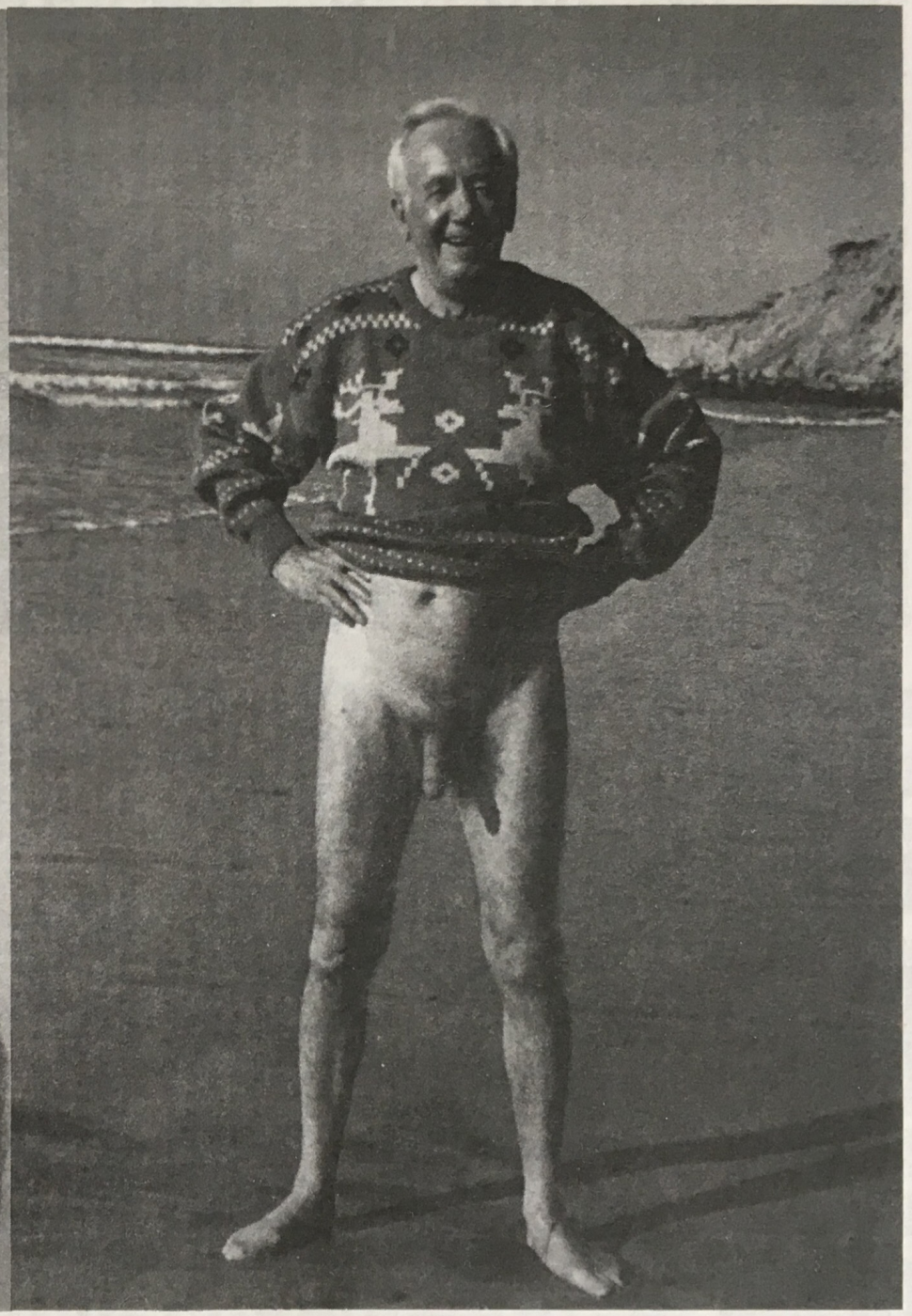
(D-12/89) NATIONWIDE/HEAVYSET/BIG OLDER MEN 40+: GWM, 22, 5'-6", 130#, brown/brown, masculine, affectionate, sincere, wants one/one relationship. MUST be white, masculine, heavyset, chubby, over 40 only. NO taller than 6 feet. No Sugar Daddies. Photo a must. Write: J.D., 15330 Ella Blvd. #2522, Houston, TX 77090.

(R-12/89) WONDERFUL LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY: in Texas for gay Asian/Latin male of INTEGRITY (No: smoking/ kids/ drugs/ diseases/ weirdos). Locate/enjoy in Dallas as my soulmate to love/live/travel /play/work together. I am masculine top, refined, professional, handsome, successful, optimistic, a youthful over 50, 5'-9", 175#, healthy, fun bi/W/M. Not a bar/bath man. Rush photos, long letter about your ambitions, dreams, hobbies, to J.C. Randolph, P.O. Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

(H-10/90) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-9", 160#, green/brown, handsome, sensitive, sincere and honest. Enjoys theatre, dining out, quiet evenings at home, tennis, scuba and skiing. Seeks friendship/relationship with 45-65, masculine, romantic who loves to cuddle. Prefer average to stocky (heavyset) build. Hairy and over 5'-10" a plus. Please submit a photo with correspondence. Write: **ANGEL**.



WARLOCK....photo by COURT JESTER



HAWFINCH...photo by RON

UTAH

(C-10/90) SILVER BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 185#, silver crew cut hair and crop beard, salt/pepper stache, hairy, beer belly, 6-1/2 X fat 5-1/2 inches, SWAN/CHIRON RISING model. Welcum mat out for 21 to? Love to share the pleasures of the male body. Photo exchange for this hot, horny, hairy dude. Write: **GULL**

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

(K-12/89) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 68, 5'-8", 145#, busy exec, seeking lasting, monogamous relationship with masculine, non-smoking, non-drinking, no drugs gay man. Share Caribbean home, healthy life style and the respect of my visiting friends' children and grandchildren. Your sincere response and photo gets mine. Write: G.D.K., P.O. Box 3193, Frederiksted, St. Croix, USVI 00841-3193.

WASHINGTON

(B-12/89) SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill,1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos.

(A-12/89) NORTHWEST WASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-11", 180#, soon to retire, would like companion to do some traveling with, 55 to 65. Enjoy 69, J/O, A/P French and nudism. Non Smoker. Your nude photo gets mine in return. Write: **COMPANION.**

(M-2/90) BEARS ARE BEST: W/M, 6', 190#, 35, short brown hair (mostly bald), beard, glasses, fairly furry, professor type. Seeks affable silver bears, all regions. Must have beard or mustache. Prefer Husky/heavyset, quiet, independent. Write: Andy, P.O. Box 85338, Seattle, WA 98145-1338.

(R-2/90) FUN SEATTLE AREA GW COUPLE: both in early 50s, husky, clean, professional, horny, healthy and adventurous. Seek other couples, singles for good times, JO, S/S and friendship. Into nudism, travel, cooking, boating. No games, just fun. Blacks, minorities a plus. As interested in what's between your ears as what's between your legs. Write: **GEMINI.**

(H-2/90) LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY FRIEND BILL: 57, 5'-10", 185, brown, hazel eyes that sparkle, clean-cut, sincere, happy disposition, well-built (yes-sir), successful, avid outdoorsman. He wants a hairy, barrel-chested, masculine, sixtysomething guy for a permanent relationship. Come on, you guys, write this man, with letters and pics to BILL, 110 N.W. 94th St., Vancouver, WA 98665. AND...If you are 20 something or 30 something, I am 64, 5'-10", 195, blond/gray, hazel, well built, healthy, attractive (some say Rob Dadeo lookalike), active, clean-cut, sexy and looking for a younger version for a permanent relationship. Pic with letters get mine. L. House, 110 N.W. 94th St., Vancouver, WA 98665.

WEST VIRGINIA

(J-6/90) DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmer, 40, brown/brown, beard, 190#, orally attracted to 30 thru 85+. Looks, physical condition and cock size are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. Mid-morn phone calls only. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: International ads with codewords require 45 cents per 1/2 oz on letter to be forwarded)

(V-6/90) INDEPENDENT YOUNG MAN: 33, 5'-8", 160#, enjoys cycling, swimming, tennis, moderate drinker/smoker. Would like to hear from men 40+ with hairy body and big balls, prefer a manly type not afraid to get his hands dirty. Send letter with photo to Frank, 31 Alexander St. #419, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA, M4Y 1B2. All replies answered.

(B-12/89) FRANCE: Ethnologist, gentle, sentimental, 43, 5'-7", 143#, would like to know a gentleman over 70 years old (the older the better), grandpa type, white hair or bald, with big belly (not hairy), affectionate, loyal. I wish correspondence, exchange of photos, and (if in agreement) mutual visits for a real friendship. I like classical music, painting, and, naturally, good cooking! Write: **PHILPARIS**.

(H-2/90) NORTH AMERICA/EUROPE: Lively, horny, retired professor, 70, 5'-10", 160#, living near Canadian Rockies, invites correspondence, exchange visits with all ages, similar interests. Nonsmoker, social drinker, frequent traveler U.S./Europe, French and Greek A/P, enjoy raunchy letters, photos, hot bed sessions with titplay and dildos. Write: **HAWFINCH.**

(B-2/90) S.O.S. SUPERHEAVIES: Where are all those clean-shaven fatties everybody seems to reject? I DO want you! For exchanging stimulating correspondence/photos first, meet later. Admire big belly, nice tits, thick thighs. Any age, 280+. I'm 63, 5'-11", 172#, fit, healthy, active, masculine, hairy body, 7" uncut. Love nature, arts, swimming. Photo welcome. Write: EL CATALA, P.O. Box 127, Caulfield East, Victoria, 3145, AUSTRALIA.

(G-12/89) ALL EUROPEAN BEARS: can join our fat and hairy lover group. JOP, party, contacts. . . thru S3 at: S3, B.P. 1649, B-6000 Charleroi-1, BELGIUM. Please send I.R.C. to cover mail costs. I (S3) am also interested in meeting/inviting fat and hairy guys from anywhere!

(B-12/89) VANCOUVER: WM, 59, 6', 180#, balding, blue eyes, masculine, NS, French A/P, seeks monogamous relationship in Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle areas. Prefer 50+ and nonsmoker. All serious replies answered. Write: **AMI**

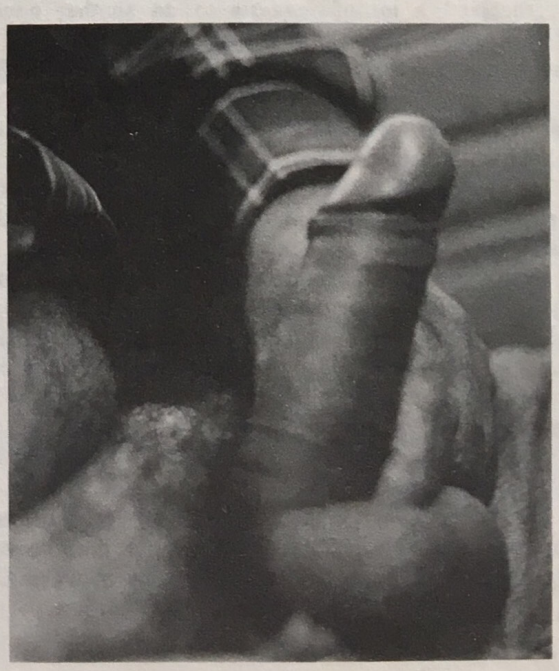
HELP!

Let's make a video!

Let's make a video about the older gay male. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male who takes pride in keeping his body at it's sensual best. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male and some of the achievements he is proud to have accomplished during his lifetime. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male in "A Day In The Life Of..." If you are interested in helping to create and produce a non-porn video about older gay males, please contact Wayne Hampton at:

W A Y N E S A R T

Sculpture, Photography, Videography, 900 S. Andrews Avenue, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.....(305) 463-1666



DICK FILLER

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
by p.h. colley

Many of you express amazement that we can continue to improve with each issue. It certainly isn't easy, but it's imperative that we not level off. After all, why should we give our competitors and soon-to-be competitors a stationary target? And isn't it sweet to make perfect asses out of those "critics" who branded our earlier product as "illiterate geriatric smut" and predicted our early demise?"

We feel that our readers deserve nothing less than excellence and, quite frankly, we'd love to win an award or two. Every month, we learn more and more about the English language and the rat race of publishing. We keenly want to become more literate, but we won't abandon our readers in the process. We'd like to get kudos from the critics, but we aren't writing for them and never will. Too often, works deemed literate by the literary "police" are indecipherable to all but an elite, highly "educated" few. I criticized a rather prominent columnist once about writing over the heads of his readers (neither of us could comprehend his article). He responded that he had no intention of *talking down* to his readers. If "talking down to our readers" means presenting material you can fully understand, then consider yourselves "talked down to."

In addition to publishing literature you can readily fathom and enjoy, we'd also like to present material rich in substance. For this reason, we've decided to back away from basic "suck and fuck" genre fiction--that which features the sexual act with no redeeming social elements--in our regular 1990 issues. We will, however, continue to publish highly erotic and provocative fiction, but our stories will illuminate the characters, not spotlight the sex acts. We really don't want to compete with the glut of "one-handed readers" and think we might be invited into more homes this way.

Also, since the short story is rather limiting and since we've received a lot of requests to do another novel like *BARNEY,* we'll soon kick off our third serialized novel. Although many readers enjoyed OCHO's *SULJI'S SPHERE*, there were a few complaints from readers who didn't appreciate science fiction or fantasy. We will therefore stick with more palatable genres--all with mature central characters.

You realize, of course, that these novels wouldn't stand a chance today of being published by an established book publisher--gay or straight. Both camps are cliquish and staffed with mostly younger, aspiring editors who are conditioned to reject anything the critics wouldn't praise. Even the smaller publishers, where the owners do the reading, are intimidated by the critics. Worse, fiction dealing with older characters is routinely rejected without a fair review, based on the belief that a book with a senior protagonist won't sell. Nonfiction dealing with older, more famous persons may make it through the maze, but it's not the same.

The only way you can enjoy novels such as these is to support our magazine. Stay tuned for our next provocative serial. And don't be surprised if we start publishing books soon.

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IN CLOSING

There was yet another sit down dinner party for 60 at MARLBORO's box canyon house north of Palm Springs. Incredibly, it was even more fun than all the previous parties. MARLBORO's parties are successful due, in part, to a half dozen good friends who act as waiters, cooks and bartenders. All are smiling, well-built, healthy, fun guys who obviously love MARLBORO and his equally smiling, well-built, healthy, fun partner.

One of the helpers had his older lover there in a wheelchair. I watched as he and another helper patiently and lovingly guided the older man into the john. The scene made me realize that the reason for the success of these parties is due to the ambiance of love that seems to waft over each soiree like a sweet cologne. It's infectious.

The Friar and I shared a table with a subscriber couple from the Palm Springs area and were among the last to leave, having lost track of the time as we discussed incredibly provocative subjects with our new friends. It was indeed a night to remember.

That night, it was announced that some of the guests were very interested in forming a PRIME TIMER branch in the Morongo Basin. It seems as if the area has now become a mecca for senior gay men and seniors are moving to the area in droves. We await the implementation with baited breath.

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We swore we wouldn't end on a sad note, but we have to announce that the WAYFARERS (LETTERS/ October-November 89) won't be going to California after all. The younger one with lung cancer didn't make it and we have no idea what happened to the older one. We'd like to thank those wonderful subscribers --all three of them-- who offered to give the WAYFARERS shelter on their way here. Maybe the younger one was right when he maintained that few people want to be around a man dying of cancer. Dumb us, we didn't believe it and thought we'd get hundreds of letters.

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Now for some positive stuff. The high desert above Palm Springs isn't the only area vying for a PRIME TIMERS group. We understand that PRIME TIMER fever has taken hold of the state of Texas, with chapters considered for Austin, Dallas/Ft. Worth and Houston. Readers in San Francisco --between after shocks-- talk about starting one up there, too. L.A.? Too spread out, we understand.

CHIRON RISING isn't doing badly either. Since our last issue, we've been accepted by three more book stores in Boston, Chicago and Denver. We're also a step away from having an Asian distributor and our European distributor just increased his standing order. Does your local book store carry CHIRON RISING? If it doesn't, ask for the manager's business card and send it to us.

CHIRON RISING on the shelves of all the major book stores? PRIME TIMERS groups from coast to coast? What's the world coming to?

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PERSONAL AD FORM

PERSONAL ADS ARE NOW AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

Personal ads for subscribers are priced at 20 cents per word, with a minimum order of $ 5.00. Personal ads for non-subscribers are priced at 50 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10.00. Codewords for subscribers are $2 per issue. Codewords for non-subscribers are $5 per issue. Please provide **all** the following information:

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Use attachment if more space needed.)_____

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YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____ AD DURATION:_____ Issues

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Note: Items like "GWM," "J/O," "P.O.," "A/P" and numbers count as one word. We will not allow descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. Specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take full responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident. (Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.
NOTE: The deadline for receipt of ads for the February 90 issue is December 15, 1989.

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SWAN December 88	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00
CHIRON RISING Feb 89	6.00	8.00	9.00	11.00
CHIRON RISING Apr 89	6.00	8.00	9.00	11.00
CHIRON RISING Jun 89	6.00	8.00	9.00	11.00
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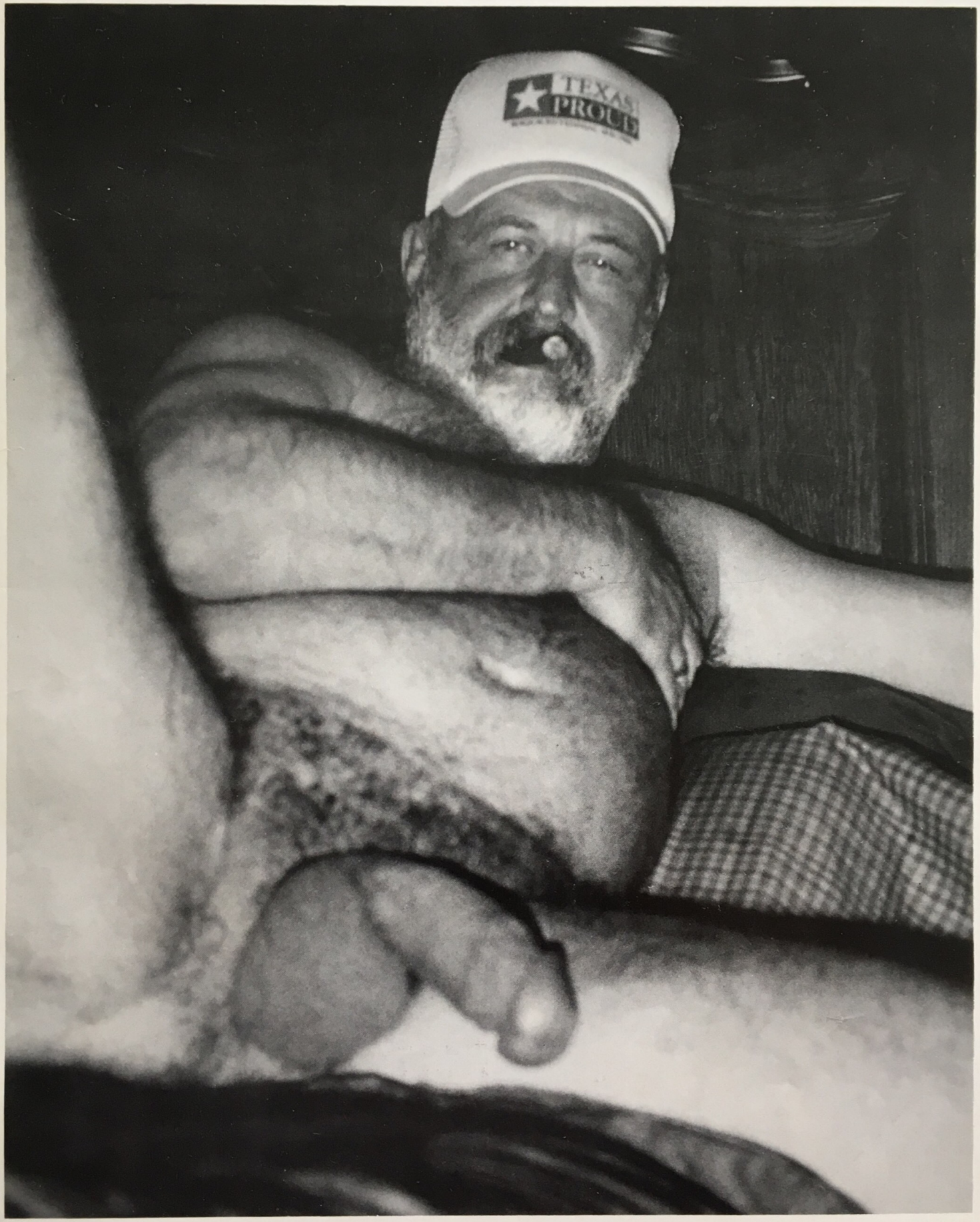
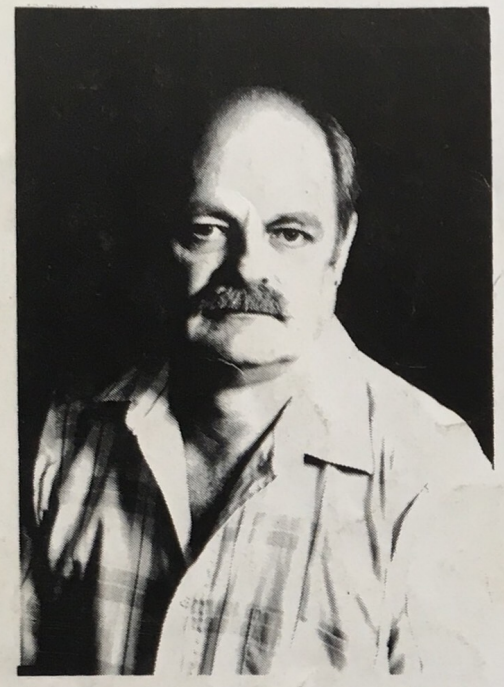


REBEL II...photo by JOHN

LOVE THEME WITH VARIATIONS



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